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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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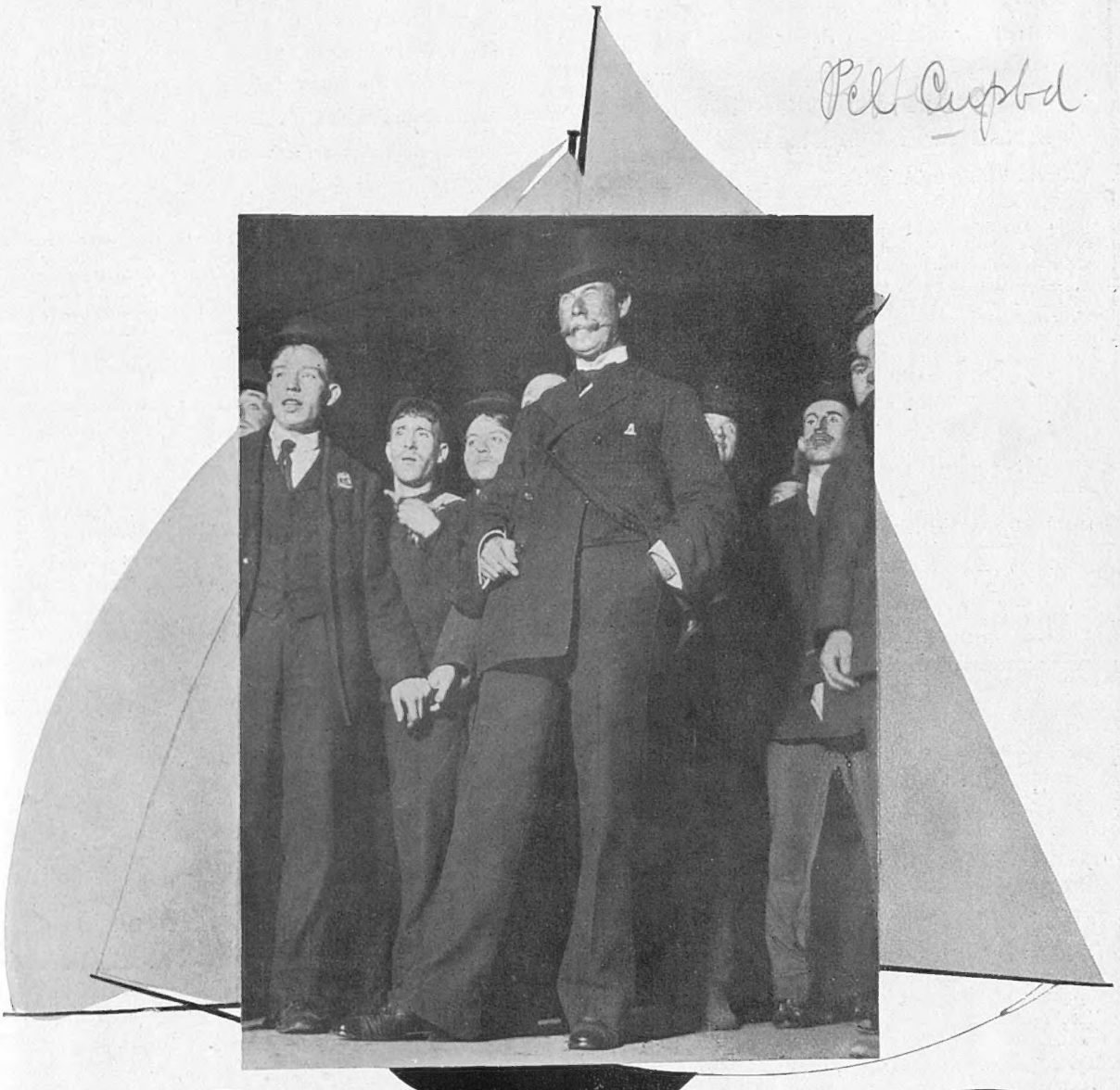

ARE WE DOWNHEARTED? NO!

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Sir Thomas Lipton, undaunted by successive failures, is again to compete for the America Cup, and is now in the States negotiating details. Rumour whispers his visit also has business motives, and there has been talk of his association with the Chicago Packers in a new Meat Trust under British auspices!

No. 152.—Vol. XII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Poems of Robert Herrick." (The Chap Books.) Edited by John Masefield. (Grant Richards: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Guinevere." By Graham Hill. (Elkin Mathews: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Columbus." (2 vols.) By Filson Young. (Grant Richards: 25*s.* net.)

"The Dawn of the Nineteenth Century in England." By John Ashton. (Fisher Unwin: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Giacomo Puccini." By Wakeling Dry. (John Lane: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"British Malaya." By Frank Swettenham. (John Lane: 16*s.* net.)

"Country Cottages." By J. H. Elder-Duncan. (Cassell: 5*s.* net.)

"The Ancient Mariner." By S. T. Coleridge. (Jack: 6*d.*)

"Goblin Market." By Christina Rossetti. (Jack: 6*d.*)

"Lady Geraldine's Courtship." By Mrs. Browning. (Jack: 6*d.*)

"Christmas Eve." By Robert Browning. (Jack: 6*d.*)

"Lazy John." By Charles and Amy Steedman. (Jack: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Saunterings in Spain." By F. H. A. Seymour. (Fisher Unwin: (10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Religio Medici." By Sir Thomas Browne. (Grant Richards: 2*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Wages of Pleasure." By J. A. Steuart. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"Jasper." By Mrs. Molesworth. (Macmillan: 4*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Adventures of Billy Topsail." By Norman Duncan. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.*)

"To a Nun Confess'd." By Irene Osgood. (Sisleys.)

"The Lady on the Drawing-Room Floor." By M. E. Coleridge. (Arnold: 6*s.*)

"At the Sign of the Peacock." By K. C. Pyves. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Quicksilver and Flame." By St. John Lucas. (Arnold: 6*s.*)

"The Locum Tenens." By Victor L. Whitechurch. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Hundredth Acre." By John Campden. (Ward, Lock: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Lost Explorers." By Alexander Macdonald. (Blackie: 6*s.*)

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
October 31, 1906

It was appropriate that the address to the children on the opening of an Exhibition in the East End of "home pets" (dogs and the like) should have been delivered by the Bishop of Barking.

* * *

The Nelson celebrations passed off without any protest from the Admiralty.

* * *

There seems to be no hope of retaining the garrison at St. Helena, unless the nation decides to immure Mr. Hooper there.

* * *

The latest "½*d.* a day" terror is the *Harmsworth Atlas*. After advertisements have shrieked at us for months on the subject, our letter-boxes been choked with circulars, and our quiet interrupted by telegrams, we expect we shall end by buying the *Atlas* to prevent ourselves being driven into gibbering insanity.

* * *

"Twenty-two carat is the quality of all our jams," runs the advertisement of a firm of preserve manufacturers. This, at any rate, goes to the root of the matter.

* * *

We had begun to think that, in commerce, humility had become an obsolete vice, but there is a distinctly atavistic tendency in the remark of a leading member of the Soap Trust to a Pressman at Leeds. With a pious folding of the hands, he says: "We are not asking the public for any money."

* * *

The *Field* recently published the first photograph ever obtained of the animal known to naturalists as the takin. This is one of those instances in which one is encouraged to hope that the photograph is not what it purports to represent — a takin. But after all, the animal would appear to have been well named, for after the original of the photograph had flattered the hopes of its captors that they might succeed in transporting to England the first specimen of its kind ever beheld by Europeans, like the commissariat camel of Kipling fame, "the beggar goes an' dies!"

* * *

From the "Dublin Evening Herald"

["The flames, thus fanned by the added ventilation, consumed the organ, and spread rapidly to the transept roof. The local fire brigade, together with those from York and Leeds, are still playing on the smouldering timber."]

The devotion to music of the gallant Yorkshiremen, who, regardless of the fact that the instrument was burning, still played on its smouldering timber, must surely rank high in the history of artistic heroism.

Apropos the Police Inquiry

Some of the awful instances of police tyranny which have yet to be brought before the Commissioner. (*Drawn by Frank Gillett*)

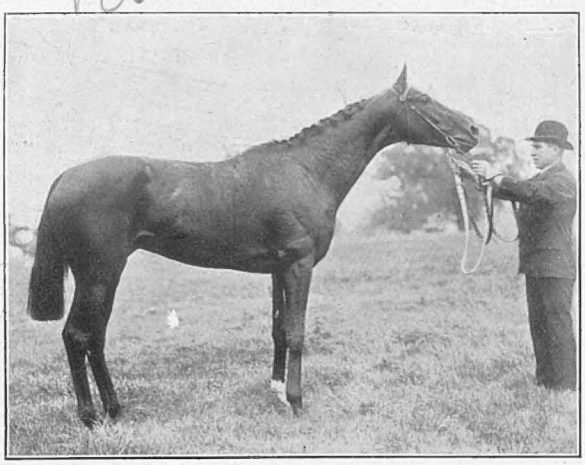
RACING NOTIONS

NEWMARKET AND NEWBURY. By "CARBINE"

NOTE.—*Racing readers are invited to note the fact that* "CARBINE," *whose prophecies of winners in this year's races have been, in general, remarkably accurate, gave* POLYMELUS *as the winner of the Cambridgeshire so long ago as our issue of October 10*

What the Cambridgeshire Cost the Ring

That pleasant process which, in the expressive vernacular of the racecourse, is known as "packing up a parcel" was successfully performed by the Joel party in the Cambridgeshire. Not only those connected with the horse, but the public, almost to a man, were on Polymelus. No wonder they gave him a rousing cheer as he passed the post, one of the most gallant winners imaginable. It will be a long time, I think, before we shall see again so extraordinarily hot a favourite in a handicap of this kind. The amount of money won by backers at large over this one race was fabulous. The sum gained by Mr. "Solly" Joel, although very large, has been much over-estimated by the papers. Yet I am assured that it was £30,000, and I have no doubt that altogether the Cambridgeshire took at the very smallest estimate £100,000 out of the ring. For the most part the bookies accepted their tremendous reverse very stoically. But if you question them to-day as to the state of business, they will tell you emphatically and unanimously that laying odds is not the game it was.



Mr. "Solly" Joel's Polymelus
Winner of the Cambridgeshire

How Polymelus Won

"I have never seen anything like it," said an old racing man to me, as we watched Polymelus and the others canter down to the start. He alluded to the marvellous action of the favourite. The horse's stride was wonderful, and a pronounced murmur of admiration went up from the stands as he galloped past. That murmur had changed to a roar of hurricane cheering when Polymelus came back. The tremendous pace set by His Eminence created a momentary scare, but it was seen at the Bushes that the favourite had won his race, and it was then only a question of by how many lengths he would beat Kaffir Chief, Malua, and Velocity. Maher rode him perfectly, and added another to his long list of successes in important races this season.

A Good Week for the Favourites

People often complain that Newmarket is one of the hardest of places at which to find winners, but at the last meeting of the year there was no reasonable room for complaint in this direction. There were, of course, two tremendous upsets, viz., when Bridge of Canny failed to concede the weight to Killeagh in the Free Handicap on Thursday, and when Saxham ran very ungenerously against Tui in the Houghton Stakes on the following day. In each case the odds were about 5 to 1 on the loser. But these are not the sort of races which benefit the bookmakers, for people will rather not bet at all than lay such long odds. It is the defeat of favourites like Home Truth in the Queensberry Handicap which causes the heart of the fielder to rejoice.

The Fair Sex in Strong Force

Time was when Newmarket, even in July, had no attractions for the fair sex, but it is different now, and last week the number of ladies present must have constituted a record. During the inspection of the Cambridgeshire field before the great race they seemed to muster almost as many as the men, and for the most part they were able to criticise the horses very intelligently. This is, indeed, the age for woman in sport, and in its many branches she can claim a practical knowledge which would have been amazing to the ladies of fifty years ago. As a result of last week's racing, we were satisfied that Mr. Hall Walker has indisputably the best two-year-old of the season in Polar Star, while the successes of two more good youngsters, My Pet II. and Sagamore, were particularly gratifying.

This Week at Newbury

Newbury has such an influential backing, and so far has been so capably managed, that it has forced its way with a bound to a foremost place of popularity among the meetings of the year. On Wednesday the Beckhampton and Kingsclere stables both hold a strong hand for the Greenham Stakes, wherein victory may go to **Rocketter**. For the Highclere Nursery **Billiere** is my selection, and certainly Lord Carnarvon's stable can do with a turn of luck. On Thursday the Newbury Autumn Cup will bring out several of the Cesarewitch horses, but I think **Demure** will score, while I must take **Jubilee** for the Berkshire Foal Stakes.

The Fifth of November will be celebrated at Hampstead by a Carnival, organised by Ye Olde Hampstead Bonfire Club, near the Vale of Health, in aid of the Hampstead General Hospital and the Mount Vernon Hospital for Consumption.

Our Coming Royal Visitors

King Haakon and Queen Maud opening the Norwegian Storthing

The King and Queen of Norway will visit England shortly. A State Ball will be given in their honour at Buckingham Palace, and they will be entertained at the Guildhall. During the latter part of their stay they will spend their time at Appleton House, Sandringham, where they lived during the first few years of their married life, and where Prince Olaf was born

Muriel and the Moderns

By B. MACDONALD HASTINGS

I.—HER PARTNERS AND HER SITTINGS-OUT

Muriel's mother died at the birth of her only child. As she had been no more than a *prima ballerina assoluta*, more could not have been expected of her. Muriel, herself, was to a large extent thrust upon me. She was born to my brother, and I certainly didn't deserve her. I have always viewed matrimony as a sacrament unworthy of the attention of a family with certain claims to trace its ancestry to Queen Elizabeth. But at my brother's death I felt compelled to assume her guardianship, and with the assistance of Mrs. Oliver, my housekeeper, and Hector Honeysett, my body-servant, I installed the eighteen-year-old, demure, and mischievous beauty in my Kensington flat.

On this particular evening I was under contract to escort Muriel to the Constable's dance. The mother of the present Lady Constable was a particular friend of my father's, and, I think, it made her daughter a little suspicious of me at first. Now, however, my stalwart celibacy had taught her to respect my judgment, and my persistence in ignoring her insufferable husband had won her frank regard. She surveyed Muriel one day in the park, called her a beauty, but said she looked older than eighteen, and finally made me promise to bring her to their dance. As far as I remember Muriel described her as "an absent-minded John Redmond."

Some Criticisms

We reached the house a little late. Lady Constable glanced at me reprovingly, and led Muriel away, promising that I should not be troubled with her during the evening. Colonel French Nailer got together a pleasant Bridge party, and I did not see Muriel for quite two hours.

When I entered the ballroom she was dancing what I understand is called "Two-step" with a little man with closely cut red hair. When the music stopped, I followed the pair.

Muriel had enjoyed herself thoroughly.

"I danced No. 2 with a lord," she said. "Of course, I've seen them before, but I've never clutched hold of one till now. This one's dress-coat was horribly dusty. Look at my gloves! He was rather bad-tempered too, and called all the women 'restored ruins,' whatever that may mean, except me, of course. He said I was an angel in a pink *peignoir*, and it was 'deuced unfair' if I was going back to heaven. I gave him your address, and he's coming to tea to-morrow. Do angels do their hair like me, Uncle? I must look up the pictures. By the way, I wonder who dresses the angels' hair. Because no man would call a girl an angel, I'm sure, unless her hair *was* done nicely. Oh, and he said Lady Constable was a devil. Is she?" I explained that nothing had as yet been decided.

An Aspirant for Orders

"Another man—I suppose he was a man, but he was rather pink—told me he'd been running loose a bit, but he was going in for the Church now. Isn't it awful? I'll point him out to you presently. I asked him if it wouldn't be terribly difficult to keep on being good, but as he said 'it didn't matter a hole about the beastly Beatitudes so long as you kept clear of the Seven Sins screamin' to heaven for vengeance.' And then he took hold of this hand, no, the other one, and said he'd chuck everyone if I'd meet him in Hyde Park on Wednesday afternoon. I'm going, but I'm sure he's not strong enough to chuck the policemen. I hope it won't get into the papers." I gave Muriel my word that I should be there to prevent the embryo cleric from injuring innocent pedestrians.

Snorts and Soda

"Do you know Mr. Brown?—or is it Green?—I forget. Anyway, he's got a fine chin, and he knows you. He says you'd make 'a snortin' good bishop.' But bishops don't snort, do they, Uncle dear? And I told him you only did it when you had a nap in the armchair after dinner. He was very rude to me, that man, I think. He asked if I was full up! What business was it of his? But I saw him afterwards kissing a girl with red eyes and a green frock, so he must have been good-tempered. Oh, here comes my partner, Uncle! I'll tell you about the rest in the carriage on the way home."

"Lots of funny things have happened, Uncle," she said, as soon as we were settled in the carriage, "since I saw you. Mr. Brackenbury took me in to supper, and the place was so crowded that we had to sit at a table with two other people. The woman was like a barmaid, only larger, and she was drinking brandy. The man with her asked if she'd take soda-water. 'No, thanks, Tommy,' she said, 'I'll stick to pump juice. Soda always gets up into my nose in the Lancers.' She noticed me open my eyes, because she stared at me as if I hadn't got any clothes on."

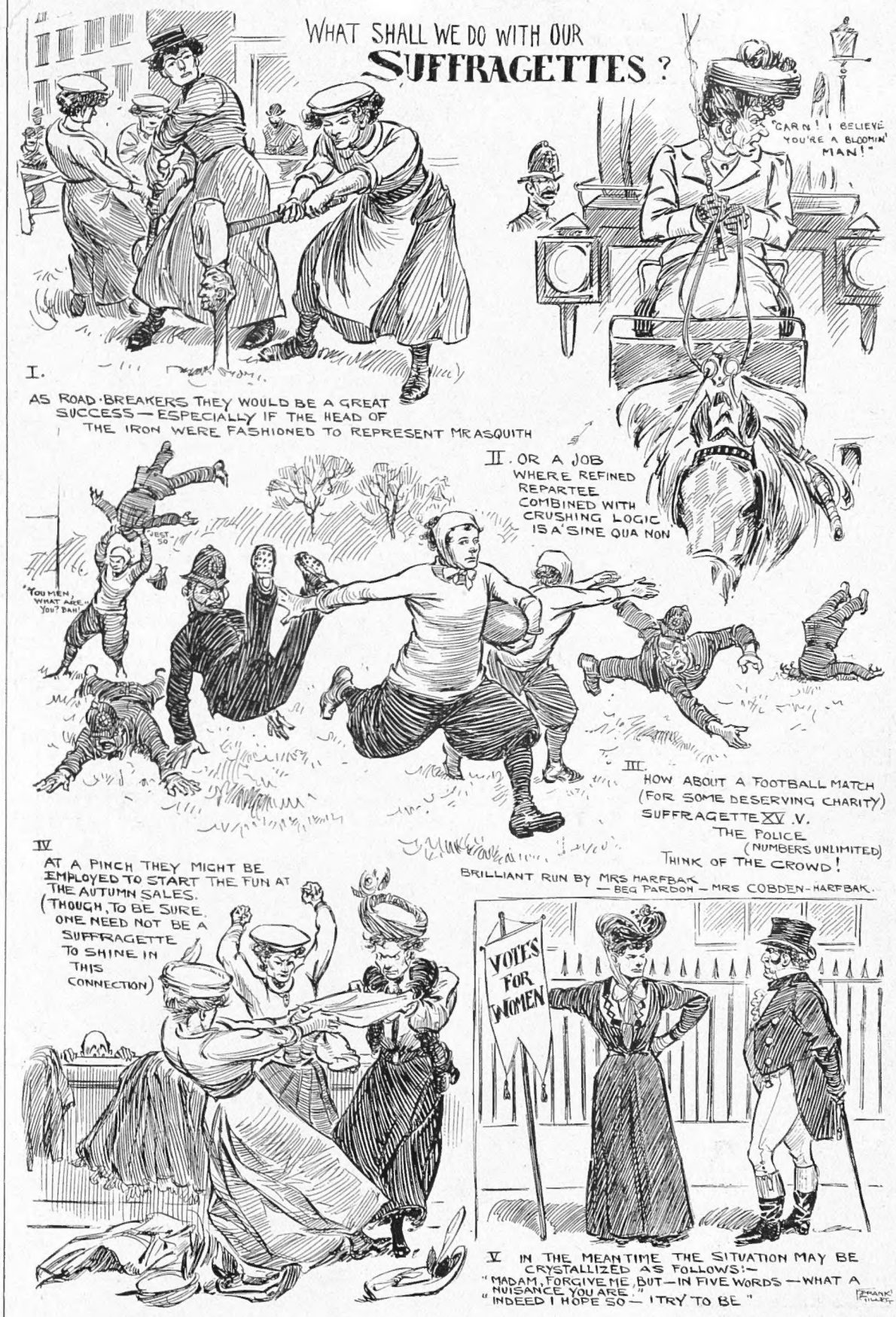
Baronets and Matrimony

"And then I must tell you I danced with a Sir Julian Irwin, a very nice, breezy young man. He offered to take me out to-morrow in his car—but it's all right, Uncle, he wouldn't kiss me. He says people never kiss in motor-cars. It cramps your style. He was really exceptionally sweet, and I was so annoyed when a horrid, long, pimply woman came up to me afterwards, and said that she had overheard all our conversation, that she was his wife, and that I was a cat. Well, I didn't understand what she really said, but she smiled at me as if I was a cat. Can you understand? How was I to know that he was married? Lady Constable said that I ought to have known, because you may take it that all baronets are married unless they tell you they're not. Uncle, I do believe you're going to sleep." I woke up, and put my arm round her furs. I also kissed her. I haven't got a style to cramp.

As soon as we got home, if I remember rightly, I went to bed. I had a little bit of a headache.

(To be continued)

The Topictator



THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

A Royal Autumn

The very welcome visit of King Haakon and Queen Maud to England—their first visit to a foreign country since their accession—is to be severely divided into three entirely separate sections. The first portion of their stay in England is to be of a strictly State description, and to take place at Windsor in the approved manner of reception of all foreign monarchs; the second is the visit, probably on the 14th, to Buckingham Palace, where a State Ball may be given in their honour, to the City of London, and to the Guildhall; and the third is the purely private portion, which is to be spent at Sandringham under the roof of Appleton House, the scene of the first years of their married life and of the birth of "the most popular person in Norway," the baby Prince Olaf.

During the Norwegian visit to Sandringham it is expected that King Frederick of Denmark and his Queen—the tallest Queen in Europe—will also be the guests of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, in which case a further page of history will be written in the most favoured country home of their Britannic Majesties. Sandringham has been the scene of many interesting events and many historic meetings, but it has never yet, I think, been the meeting-place of three Kings, not to speak of heirs and heirs-apparent galore. The King and Queen of Norway travel, as they live, in the most extreme simplicity, a simplicity which apparently forms an integral part of the life of the daughters of King Edward, and, in view of the limited accommodation provided by the unpretentious house in which they are to make their chief stay—Appleton—it is unlikely that their retinue will be at all extensive.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Justice Romer

Who has lately retired from the Bench

Racing at Newmarket last week

The King driving through the High Street to the course on Wednesday

The Suffragettes (in Three Scenes)

Shoulder to shoulder, arm in arm, Suffragettes refuse to be moved by the mere warnings of the police

On the contrary, by speeches, screams, and gestures— THE MAN IN BLUE is given to understand that nothing but——

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Sheer brute force can avail to remove them from the facade of St. Stephen's, where they found themselves after being ejected forcibly from the lobby of the Commons. (Force applied, and several ladies now enjoying hospitality of the State at Holloway)

Prince, Explorer, and Sailor

The King at Sandringham

When at Sandringham—or at other country houses of the same "simple" *genre*—His Majesty the King partakes very heartily of a meal eschewed by many men. He is a devotee of afternoon tea, and prefers to enjoy it in the solitude of his study. It is recalled by Dr. Jameson that when, on the occasion of a former visit to England, he paid a visit to Sandringham, the King hailed him to his sanctum, and, having confided to him that he had just partaken of two rashers of ham and eggs, called upon "Dr. Jim" to do likewise. It is said, by the way, that the reason why the King always keeps so fit and able to enjoy life to the full is that, although he drinks wine at meals, he has a horror of "pick-me-ups" (or *Ramasse-mot's*, as the ysay in France), and takes nothing whatever between times.

* * *

Retirement of Lord Justice Romer

After sixteen years' service on the Bench, Lord Justice Romer has resigned his seat in the Court of Appeal. Like a wise man, Sir Robert Romer has retired directly he became entitled to a pension, and as that is the goodly one of £3,500 a year and Sir Robert is only sixty-six years of age, he should have many years of well-earned rest before him. Sir Robert, who is married to a daughter of Mark Lemon, editor of *Punch*, united on the Bench the rarely combined qualities of geniality and restraint, his only especially marked characteristics being his *penchant* for murmuring "I agree" on all possible and impossible occasions, and his inevitable eyeglass, without which, like Mr. Chamberlain, he never stirred a step. Sir Robert is great on exercise. Formerly an enthusiastic cricketer, he has, with advancing years, contented himself with lawn tennis, rowing, cycling, and shooting, his coverts at Buntingford, Herts, being of a very delectable nature indeed. It is probable that the Attorney-General will succeed Sir Robert Romer in his office in the Court of Appeal.

* * *

An Intrepid Infant

The Duke d'Abruzzi, who is now in London, none the worse for and very proud of his latest mountaineering expedition, has a *penchant* for attaining higher altitudes, and also higher latitudes, than the majority of people ever even think of doing. Before his recent ascent of what has hitherto been considered quite unascendable, the Duke had beaten Dr. Nansen, the present Norwegian Minister to the Court of St. James's, on his own ground, for by reaching latitude 86° 33′ North in 1900, he penetrated nearer to the North Pole than has ever been done before. It was in this year, too, that the Duke, who is only thirty-three years of age, published a booklet, entitled "The Ascent of Mount St. Elias." He is unmarried and is a sailor, being a Captain in the Italian Navy, a Prince of Italy, and an Infant of Spain, and he is the third son of the Duke of Aosta who died in 1890.

Photo *Guigoni and Boori*

The Duke d'Abruzzi

Who is now in London, having just returned from a mountaineering expedition in Central Africa, where he succeeded in accomplishing several ascents hitherto considered unclimbable. He is a Prince of Italy, an Infant of Spain, and a Captain in the Italian Navy

* * *

The Hosts of the Prince

The entertainment of the Prince and Princess of Wales, as compared with the entertainment of the King and Queen, is an exceedingly simple matter, and within the means of other than millionaires. Lord and Lady Stradbroke, with whom the Prince and Princess of Wales have been staying at Henham, their quaint Suffolk seat, are both members of the Court circle, but neither of them care for London and London life, and so their time is mostly divided between Henham and the Continent. Lady Stradbroke, who is the fortunate possessor of some particularly fine rubies, inherits her good looks not only from her mother, Mrs. Keith Fraser, who was in the Royal Household, but also from her grandmother, Madame de Falbe, whose husband, the Danish Minister, was for so long an intimate friend of Queen Alexandra's, and at whose house, in Grosvenor Square, the King and Queen, as Prince and Princess of Wales, constantly dined. Like the man in the *Pinafore* who "stuck to his desk and never went to sea, and soon became the ruler of the Queen's Navee," Lord Stradbroke, though never in the Navy, is the Vice-Admiral of Suffolk, his only bid for naval fame being through his uncle, the famous Admiral Rous, who started life gamely by serving as a middy on Nelson's *Victory*, and ended by earning the priceless reputation of being the greatest sportsman of his day.

Photo *Lafayette*

The Prince of Wales's hostess

Lady Stradbroke has been entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales at her husband's quaint Suffolk seat at Henham. Lord Stradbroke, though not a naval man, is Vice-Admiral of Suffolk

The Occupations of Royalty

KING ALFONSO AND HIS CONSORT ON PLEASURE AND DUTY

King Alfonso and Queen Victoria examining a stray shot by His Majesty

The King and Queen have been taking a rest from the arduous cares of State, and have enjoyed some excellent shooting. They are both lovers of sport, and King Alfonso is an expert shot

Photos *Nuevo Mundo*

Their Majesties motor over to Segovia to inspect the Artillery School

Queen Victoria's popularity is steadily increasing among her subjects, and her appearance with the King is always greeted with enthusiasm. Segovia, where the Artillery School is situated, is an old Moorish fortified town about thirty miles from Madrid, and contains many ancient and interesting ruins

"Many Inventions" about Royal Matches

The Much-Engaged Connaughts

The Irish Industries Sale, which the Duke and Duchess of Connaught open to-day at the Philharmonic Hall in Liverpool, has, as one of its most enthusiastic saleswomen, the Princess "Patsy," whose fate it seems to be that her engagement with men she has never seen should be announced as an accomplished fact. It is an old story now, of course, that no one was more amazed than the Princess herself when, quietly playing golf, and painting flowers in water-colours in a remote corner of the East Coast of Scotland, she read in an important London paper the definite announcement of her projected alliance with a near kinsman of the Tsar; but it may not be generally understood that the Princess has never even chanced to meet the Grand Duke Michael. Nor, by the way, had she ever met the King of Spain when her engagement to him was calmly announced in the *Daily Mail*. It happens, however, that the Grand Duke Michael, who went to Madrid as the Tsar's representative at the wedding of Queen Victoria and King Alfonso, did meet her cousin, the friend of the Queen of Spain, Princess Beatrice of Coburg, and the Court gossips say that he paid this very sprightly young lady quite a lot of attention. So, we shall see what we shall see, and that, it is averred, pretty soon.

Photo *H. Walter Barnett*

Lady Angela Forbes

Who, it is said, will apply for a divorce from her husband, Lieut.-Colonel J. S. Forbes

* * *

"Queen Ena" only 19!

It is almost incredible, by the way, if one judges by outward appearance, to remember that the young Queen of Spain only celebrated her nineteenth birthday last Wednesday. She is so fair, and placid, and majestic, such a solemn contrast to her boyish, nervous-looking, energetic husband, that it is all but impossible, seeing them together, to believe that the Queen is in reality his junior. In her latest portraits, Queen Victoria rather resembles the Princess of Wales. She possesses just that look of maturity which distinguished Her Royal Highness in the days when we knew her as Princess May; and certainly has settled down to endure the "fierce light" with the least possible inconvenience.

Prince Arthur of Canard

To return to the subject of the Connaught engagements, however. As I suggested last week, the announcement of Prince Arthur's betrothal to Lady Marjorie Manners, the pretty daughter of the Duke of Rutland, was, to say the least of it, just a little premature, for the Prince, instead, as the story ran, of enjoying the intimate pleasure of fishing with the lady in the waters of the Dee, has, as it happens, not even met Lady Marjorie in Society for at least two years. It is, of course, obvious that, should Prince Arthur marry anyone not of Royal blood, he would thereby endanger not only his own, but also his descendant's chances of succession to the double Duchies of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Since the birth of a son to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Prince Arthur has, naturally, ceased to be heir-presumptive to his cousin, but for some years to come he will still count as a possible successor. If, therefore, he married a commoner, however illustrious, his descendants, if any, would, according to the requirements for succession to a German State, be ruled out as ineligible, their ancestresses not having been possessed of the one thing needful to rulership.

Copyright Stereograph *Underwood and Underwood*

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Junr.

Snapshotted at the recent automobile race for the Vanderbilt Cup at Long Island, N.Y., initiated by her husband. She is the sister-in-law of the Duchess of Marlborough, and entertains in a magnificent style

* * *

Divorce and Society

Two *causes célèbres* threaten to keep Society and the readers of newspapers well employed during the next month or two. One is the action for divorce which Lady Angela Forbes, the sister of Lord Rosslyn, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Lady Westmoreland, and half-sister of Lady Warwick, is bringing against her husband, Lieut.-Colonel James Forbes, on the ground of absolute desertion, and the other—in which I will not mention names—is the agreement to separate which has been arrived at between the head of a ducal house and his wife. In this last case, unceasing efforts have been made to keep the affair secret, but, as a matter of fact, everyone has known about it for months, and it has only been hushed up for the sake of the children.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough

Photo *Langfier*
The Duke of Marlborough

Photo *Whitlock*
The Duchess of Marlborough (née Consuelo Vanderbilt)

"Whisperings from the Great"

The Queen at Sandringham

One would think, had one not had experience of other and still more exacting professions, that the profession of Royalty was the hardest and most exacting in the world, so eager are its representatives to doff the insignia of their position, and so heartfelt their sighs of relief the doffing done. Her Majesty the Queen loves Sandringham above all her other homes, for there she is, *sans peur et sans reproche*, the country lady and not at all the Queen. The simple life in moderation, in fact, has no more devoted adherent than Queen Alexandra. At Sandringham Her Majesty spends all her days in the same quiet country fashion. After breakfast, the kennels (the Queen's devotion to dogs comes only next to her devotion to her family), the stables and the poultry yards absorb all the hours till lunch; then a drive, and then her Majesty's voluminous correspondence, and after dinner a little music—she herself is a good pianist—a little conversation, and sometimes, but not often, a quiet game of cards. Rather a contrast to the life *à la mode* as lived in most country-houses on this day of grace! There is, however, one feature of Sandringham life which can hardly by any stretch of imagination be called simple, and that is the service. Very near perfection in all the King's houses, the servants at Sandringham have somehow reached the high-water mark of perfection. Clad in a quaint livery of scarlet swallow-tail coats, dark blue waistcoats edged with gold braid, gold stocks, white satin knee-breeches, and white silk stockings, the men are all well over six feet in height, and strike a note rather of Royal pageantry than simple living.

Miss Constance Meredyth

Who has just compiled a sumptuous birthday book, entitled *Whisperings from the Great* (Frowde: 30s. net)

* * *

Soap Suds

"Your soap will cost you more." All are cast into gloom, except, perhaps, the unwashed schoolboy. I don't think it affects the general public much whether they get 15 or 16 oz. to the pound as far as soap is concerned, and I, for my part, do not mind if my piece of Vinolia is one-sixteenth smaller than usual. The chief scandal, however, centres round the promoters of the Trust, who, up to the present, have always posed as philanthropists and benefactors of the human race. To Messrs. Lever Brothers we owe the model village, Port Sunlight, where every comfort is vouchsafed to their employees, and one has got used to coupling the names of Lever and Cadbury as large employers of labour who study their workmen's wants. The Trust, however, will have the effect of throwing thousands of workmen out of employment, and putting a few more thousand pounds into millionaires' pockets. "Philanthropy begins at home," now say the Trust maker; "let me apply all my ingenuity to raking in the gold for my own good. I've built a few workmen's dwellings and given a little away. That salves my conscience, and I will now make money at all costs."

* * *

A Weird Charity

I do not protess to know who was the originator of the institution known as the King's Bounty, or whether he shared the views of Napoleon Bonaparte and desired more recruits for the Army, or those of Mr. Sidney Webb, who regards large families as the best evidence of physical fitness; but it does seem to me that the practice of giving remuneration to the parents of triplets, at the rate of a sovereign a head, has very little to commend it. Is it given as a reward or as compensation? If the former, it seems inadequate. In the days when certain scholars of Eton and Magdalen had their choice between half a sheep or a threepenny-bit on certain feast days, a donation of three pounds would not only have amply recompensed the proud parents, but might even have induced others to emulate their example. But nowadays most people would prefer to be without both the present and the progeny. If, on the other hand, the gift is made by way of compensation, why is it confined to these particular cases, which are, after all, mere physical freaks? The parents of an idiot or a deformed child seem to be more fitting objects of charitable compassion than those of three healthy ones. In a word, the idea of the whole thing is not only absurd, but a little bit revolting. The payment of the full bounty is contingent upon all the children surviving for a certain time, and I confess that I do not envy Sir Dighton Probyn the task of writing, as he had to do in a recent instance, to explain to the parents.

* * *

The Latest Time-Killer

The cult of the album, I believe, is dead, or, if it still exists, it has been relegated to the wilds of far Suburbia, and forgotten elsewhere. But I have lately been introduced to another little pastime of the same *genre*, which, as an ingenious method of the lady-like killing of time, I imagine would take some beating. The lady who has invented it, and whose portrait I am pleased to be able to publish, is Miss Constance Meredyth, and she tells me that Her Majesty the Queen of Portugal takes great interest in her discovery. The method in question is a very simple one. You laboriously cut out snips from the works of the different poets, both French and English (the French to prove you write—or, rather, collate—both as and

A Scottish Society Wedding

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

After the wedding of Mr. George Nicholson and Miss Evelyn Murray, the daughter of Lord Elibank

One of the prettiest weddings lately has been that of the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Elibank, who was given away by her father, with Mr. George Nicholson, who is the only son of Mr. Charles Nicholson, M.P., which took place at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

General Buller's Retirement

or the "cultured" person). You then, at great expense, have a large and most ornate book, stuffed and padded, and adorned with the title, "Whisperings from the Great," and against every day of the year you place whichever of the aforesaid snippets you like. By this means you not only, as I said before, destroy wholesale many weary hours, but you also produce, with the minimum of brain activity, a volume as large and important in appearance as the Family Bible itself.

* * *

The Last of the October Weddings

October, always a record month for weddings, has this year surpassed itself. Scarcely a day has passed but some big wedding has taken place, a fact which, of course, accounts for the very bright little season now in full swing. For the dark days of November only one particularly interesting wedding has been fixed to take place, and that is the marriage of Mr. Ford and Miss May Cavendish-Bentinck, which comes off on Saturday at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, by special permission of the King. It is, of course, very exceptional for a wedding which is not a Royal one, and in which the families concerned are not connected with the Palace, to be celebrated in the Chapel Royal. I believe less than half a dozen have taken place within its narrow very early-Victorian precincts for the past ten years, the last being that of Lady Valda Machell, whose mother, Princess Victor of Hohenlohe, has lived in St. James's Palace for many years.

Photo *Dickinsons*

General Sir Redvers Buller

Whose five years' period of non-employment has just expired, which renders him liable to retirement

One of the last and prettiest weddings of the month was that of Miss Evelyn Murray, Lord Elibank's daughter, who was married to Mr. George Nicholson, of Sawley Hall, near Ripon. No hint of colour was allowed to exist in the attire of either bride or bridesmaids, white and pale silver being worn by all, while amongst the guests, the bride's brother, the, of late notorious, Master of Elibank, was of course, a centre of political interest.

* * *

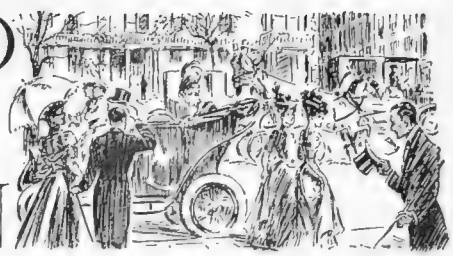
The Retirement of General Buller

General Sir Redvers Buller retires with the record of nearly half a century's service for his country behind him. Entering the 60th Rifles just under fifty years ago, his record, up to the time he took up the command of the 1st Army Corps at Aldershot at the conclusion of the Boer War, includes, amongst much else, service in China, the Red River Expedition, the Ashanti, Kaffir and Zulu Wars, during which last he gained the V.C., the Boer War of 1881, Egypt, the Soudan, Ireland, and finally again South Africa, where he conducted the inglorious Natal campaign. General Buller is a man with many friends, but then he has an aristocratic and most energetic wife, and down in the West, Lady Audrey Buller is invariably spoken of as the very embodiment of what the wife of a socially popular General should be. She is, of course, the sister of Lady St. Levan, also a power in the West, and an aunt of the present Lord Townshend

Photo] **The Collision at Dover Harbour: The damaged breakwater** *[Illustrations Bureau*

A Swedish steamer, *Olans Olssen*, crashed into the new breakwater at Dover Harbour recently and did damage to the extent of £40,000, though, largely owing to its cargo being of timber, the boat itself was not sunk

ROUND THE TOWN



Town houses are putting off their hermetic summer air, but not with the courage, *élan*, and freedom usually observed. The fact is, the London house stands not where it did a few years ago. The whirligig of time has brought round the vogue of the outlying towns. The motor makes it possible and agreeable to lead the urban life and enjoy the—more or less—rustic pleasures of a house at Richmond or Windsor all in the same day. The newly rich—and the supply is always going on—don't care much for a house in St. James's or Belgrave Square, but rather incline to a big flat in Mount Street and a comfortable Georgian house, with plenty of grounds, within something less than an hour's ride of Piccadilly.

* * *

But although people will live more and more outside, the perennial fascination of London remains, and this in spite of the terrible buildings of the last fifty years. Lately, that accomplished architect and distinguished writer, Mr. Reginald Blomfield, has been pointing to our sad lack of a decorative scheme, and crying in the wilderness for a coherence which might give us something of the fine results to be found in most European cities and even in many lesser foreign towns. It is true that every now and then Norman Shaw is fortunate enough to be permitted to deal with a fine sweep of Regent Street, or someone is sufficiently bold and original to produce so splendid and monumental a building as the Gaiety Theatre, or as satisfactory a structure as the large block of offices in Tavistock Street, but think of the thousands of higgledy-piggledy houses that are run up and allowed to disgrace their older neighbours; and yet, with all its faults, all visitors grow to love London.

* * *

But, notwithstanding their undoubted glamour, the London streets just now seem hardly the happy hunting ground for the cheery "blood," or the *viveur* of spirit. The reports of the Commission on the conduct of the police cast rather a lurid light on what happens to the jolly dog who is indiscreet somewhere within half a mile of the Empire. But after all these terrible things have been said about them, we believe the police, like a good many other forces, can be managed. If you are out of temper, they'll "larn you to be a toad," but if you are self-possessed you can soon possess them too.

"Laying trams beneath Big Ben!"

The work of laying the trams over Westminster Bridge and along the Embankment is proceeding apace, much to the disgust of Embankment loungers, who fear that their haven of no-work will become too busy for their tastes. Others who "bless" the trams are the motorists, for they will sadly handicap their passage of the Bridges *en route* for Brighton

Billiard Champion's Protegée at the Tables

Here is a little fable apropos. Once upon a time, a man about Town found himself opposite a pleasant-looking house into which he saw some friends entering. He thought he would join them, but on going towards the gateway a policeman stopped him with the ready phrase, "The public are not admitted." Our friend stammered, with rather a fine air, "But, I'm not one of the public," and was immediately passed on to whatever delights the house offered. The force is like that. Take it the right way, and with a light hand, and, provided they get what they want, you can have your desire. As a body, it is inclined to be philosophic and say, as Mr. William Watson once wrote: And still doth life, with starry towers, lure to the bright divine ascent; be yours the things ye would; be ours the things that are more excellent—only, the police have their own way of putting it.

* * *

By the way, are not the police—or whoever it is that governs our Town life—becoming just a little too grandmotherly? Is not the pride with which we are told that so very few naughty people are to be found about London rather vain and misleading? One policeman may drive the roses and raptures of vice from Regent Street and the Circus, but twenty Vigilance Societies cannot imbue the world with the lilies and languors of virtue. That last must spring from within, and if the London streets are to be so very, very good, we fear our neighbours may have fairly just cause for hinting that the *entente* has not entirely swept away our fine old British hypocrisy. If you hide the wicked people away, you make them more attractive—only those things are really amusing that are under the rose.

* * *

One of the most orthodox and, at the same time, amusing music halls in the town is the London Pavilion, where, at the moment, they are giving the last long glimpses at the divine "La Milo"—whose representation of the famous "Venus of Velasquez" is the cleverest thing this clever lady does. To this is added ArthurRoberts and Company, in a sketch, as well as a dozen entertaining turns, among which George Mozart is very funny, and many others are adequate, and round out a pleasing programme to an agreeable end.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Ourselves on Trafalgar Day

THE BYSTANDER enjoys the honour of engrossing the attention of a visitor to the shrine of Nelson on the 21st

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The Court Theatre has now so definitely become the school for playwrights that a new production here is expected with pleasure and acutely criticised. Judged by the high standard that Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Vedrenne have taught us to employ, *The Charity that Began at Home*, by Mr. St. John Hankin, is a little long, a little slow. But if we had seen it elsewhere, we should have hurried to acclaim a new light. The idea of the comedy, the *motif* on which the author plays so many agreeable variations, is that a charming conventional old Lady Denison (Miss Florence Haydon) and her daughter Margery (Miss May Martyn) fall under the spell of an idealist, Basil Hylton (Mr. Berte Thomas), and invite to their house in the country people that other hosts bar, and accept, as servants, men "without a character." It is modern in conception and modern in treatment. But with just that hint of the old methods of the stage—the effective curtain, the unexpected turn of events, the sharp dialogue—which will go far to make a popular success of what one feels sure is intended by Mr. Hankin for the fit, the few. The cast, as usual here, is brilliantly arranged. Mr. Page, Mr. Eadie, even Mr. Webster, were excellent, and all the ladies played with the truth and delicacy of a foreign company.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A Ladies' Billiard Match: Mme. Strebor making a stroke

The unusual sight of a billiard match between two ladies attracted some attention at Soho Square last week, when Mme. Strebor encountered Miss Eva Collins in a match of 400 up each day

Sardou Done into Musical Comedy

Although at the time of writing, owing to the exigencies of a weekly illustrated paper, Captain Basil Hood's English edition of M. Sardou's book of *Les Merveilleuses* had not been produced, the particulars already to hand of the music by Dr. Hugo Felix—whose *Madame Sherry* will be remembered; of the lyrics by that entertaining poet of the lightest mood, Mr. Adrian Ross; of the vast and wise expenditure by Mr. George Edwardes, had prepared us for an unusually interesting production at Daly's. The music, under the conductorship of Mr. Barker Johns, with orchestra of nearly fifty instrumentalists, will prove more elaborate than previous musical plays of this character, while the cast includes some of the most charming people in light opera, and a group of *merveilleuses* that will astonish and delight.

* * *

Do you enjoy the latest word in regard to bright and fetching French songs? If so, the gay and *chic* Juniori will amuse you at the Empire. She possesses the true charm of the Parisienne, which can be seen nowhere to better advantage than on the variety stage. Her "Moi, je ne marchais pas" is an admirable example of how to do this sort of thing. Would that our own quaint "serio-comic" ladies were open to learn something of the fascination which the French put into this kind of thing.

* * *

Of late years the fashionable amateur has been rather *démodé* on the stage—perhaps, all these happy people have all become professional—but we are to see something of them again, I am glad to say, in the two performances to be given in aid of the London Hospital. Of all amateurs, the actress is the most delightful, and we shall, therefore, gladly welcome Lady Vivian as Mélisande, in M. Maeterlinck's by no-means facile play. Others in the cast—a trifle more used to the stage, perhaps—are Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Graeme Campbell, Mrs. Theodore Wright, and so forth. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is lending the costumes and scenery, and the undertaking is patronised by no less than five Duchesses and a troop of lesser, but not much less-compelling, personages.

* * *

Most playwrights of one's acquaintance begin the long ascent to fame by writing a tragedy, and end by turning it into a musical farce. But Mr. Owen Hall, whose many victories have been in the lightest of light opera, is unlike the general type in all things. After a long apprenticeship with *The Gaiety Girl*, *The Girl from Kay's*, *The Little Cherub*, *The Geisha*, *Floradora*, and the rest, he has composed a serious drama in one act, which will be produced at the Soldene matinée. The tragedy will deal with the picturesque Italy of the time of Tintoretto. It is quite irrelevant, of course, but somehow all this reminds one of a saying by a comrade, "The only farce worth seeing is the tragedy written by a friend."

Sardou

The great French dramatist, whose play, *Les Merveilleuses*, adapted into comic opera at Daly's by Captain Basil Hood, was produced on Saturday last

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The other evening I started to tour the, not necessarily smaller, theatres of Greater London. My first visit was to the Crown Theatre, Peckham, one of Mr. Robert Arthur's "series." On this particular evening the ever-youthful *Country Girl* was playing to a packed house. A good company, every member of which owns a nice voice and does his or her best to please, is sure of good results, as was proved by the unstinted applause of the audience. Miss Barbara Babington was the girl from the country, while other parts were sustained by Miss Ellaline Thorn and Mr. C. Brierley as the humorous Barry. The latter deserves the highest praise for his clever piece of acting, which kept the house rocking with mirth. The attraction this week is *The Fascinating Mr. Vandervelt.*

Photo *Haines*

Captain Basil Hood

Author of many a musical (and other) play, whose book of *Les Merveilleuses* is the latest thing at Daly's. Music by Dr. Hugo Felix

* * *

Next I betook myself to Poplar, a place which has the distinction of being the home of Mr. Will Crooks, on a visit to the Prince's Theatre. A 'bus, for the large sum of twopence, carried me to my destination, *viâ* Whitechapel, Stepney, and Limehouse. It being a Saturday evening I had quite an exciting time, especially upon the return journey. And the odours that assail one in these neighbourhoods, well——. However, any inconveniences of this nature were amply made up for by the really good show provided at the handsome theatre. The piece was *Sergeant Brue*, and the performance was splendid. Especially good were Miss Hebe Bliss as Lady Bickenhall, Mr. Arthur Reynolds as Sergeant Brue, and Mr. Charles McLagan as Crookie Scrubbs, a criminal.

"Robin Hood" a Draw at the Lyric

Robin Hood at the Lyric was one of the most popular and brilliant *premières* of the season. The cult of Mr. Lewis Waller, and an appreciation for well-dressed, decorative melodrama, are mainly responsible for so agreeable and ebullient an evening as the new "romance" provides. But, whatever the cause may be, enthusiasm, loud and long, greeted the first performance of *Robin Hood*, by Mr. Henry Hamilton and Mr. William Devereux. Each act received an ovation, each prominent player was applauded to the ultimate point of hero-worship. At the end of the four acts and seven beautiful scenes the theatre rang with somewhat inarticulate cries of joy; and the brave, the debonair, the noble-hearted hero, gave us a few discreet words of thanks. We think the management is to be congratulated on a lasting box-office success, and the writers on having manufactured a money-making machine.

* * *

The play is called a romance, but the authors obviously read the word to mean theatricality. A very good and taking thing where the stage is concerned, no doubt, and also the line of least resistance and largest profits. The difference between this play and a just romance is the same as that between the "Forest Lovers" of Mr. Maurice Hewlett and the worst fustian of Mr. Crockett. All the well-worn store of the property-room of a playwright's mind is brought out, re-faked, decorated with a little more gold and colour and a deeper purple in the shadows, splendidly placed before us with some show of the grand air, and, *voilà!* the romance is presented.

* * *

Mr. Lewis Waller as the hero of "Robin Hood"

The new historical play is enjoying a successful start at the Lyric, and in it Mr. Waller is heard (for a very short interval) as a vocalist

(Drawn at the Lyric Theatre by Norman Morrow)

How Robin is a bold outlaw in Sherwood Forest; how he protects and loves, and is loved by, the beautiful Lady Marian de Vaux; how their loves are crossed a thousand ways by the wicked Prince John and the unpleasing Norman, Longespée (oh, so bad for little Marian!); and how Robin, with the good Tuck and Little John and the useful Allan A'Dale (with songs), fights, with his wits and other instruments, through a sea of difficulties, until at last Richard is come again—in the very moment of time when most needed—and "Rise, Sir Knight and Earl of Huntingdon" is said, and Marian owns she'll always love her Robin, and Nature, in Mr. Joseph Harker's picture of Spring sun and bright flowers, blesses the eternally happy marriage of the brave with the beautiful, the tender with the true—all these many things and many more are quickly told in this romance. And, what is greatly liked, everything happens "just so." All the struggles of all the dramatists of the last ten years to produce that which is real, the school of the Court for example, and half a dozen other playwrights who desire to, at least, hand on the light, are unconsidered. Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Devereux are content to get a stage effect at all costs—probability, and that sort of thing, they scorn. They do not, however, altogether neglect some work that has been already done. That the Sherwood Forest scenes are somewhat derivative from the fundamental beauties of Arden was to be expected, but there are other reminiscences that are not so fortunate. The songs, which Mr. Cecil Cameron sang with fair effect, are on quite familiar lines, and will delight no one the less on that account; we still like the songs that reached the heart of a previous generation.

* * *

But the great point about *Robin Hood* is the enormous amount of vivacity and force that is put into the action and the speeches.

The other day, at Liverpool, Mr. Tree, who has a nice taste in didactics, said: "Illusion was the last word of the stage. All that aided illusion was good, and all that destroyed illusion was bad." This glimpse of the obvious was brought closely home to us by *Robin Hood*, for here everything that could aid illusion was done, and yet, and yet, all was not well.

Mr. Waller, however, gets there every time. As hero or actor, no difficulties affright him, and he carries the whole affair through with a will, and, occasionally, gives his part that touch of grace which is beyond the reach of Art.

* * *

Future audiences will, of course, enjoy the play, but they will enjoy more the many opportunities for Mr. Waller's famous bravura manner. It is the very Wallerosity of Waller that his public loves, and never has his style been more carefully considered, his gifts more superbly fitted, his particular manner been less fettered than in his latest rôle. He is always near the middle of the stage; he has the most beautiful sentiments to annunciate; he is supposed to be a wit; a little sad, too; a hero of heroes; in short, the best all-round sportsman the world has produced. One can only say bravo Mr. Waller, bravo Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Devereux, and bravo bravura and the British public.

* * *

Miss Millard not only looked well, she also played excellently, and greatly helped forward the success of the play.

BYSTANDER.

"Robin Hood"

Some Caricatures . . . at The LYRIC THEATRE.

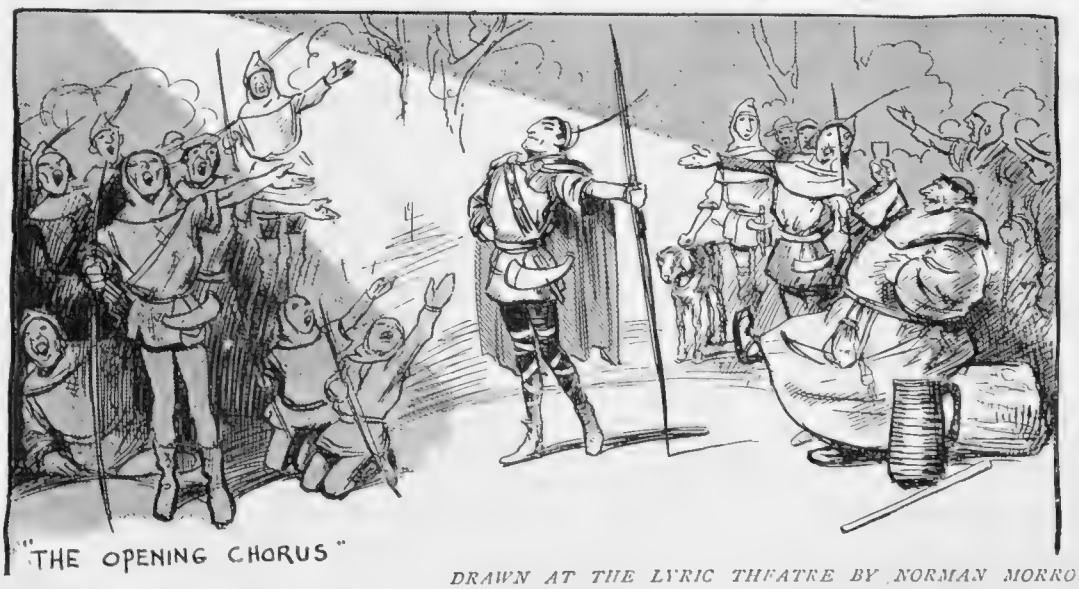
"SCARLET"

"THE HEROINE" MISS EVELYN MILLARD

FRANK WOOLFE "THE BOLD BAD VILLAIN"

A. E. GEORGE AS "The Low Comedian"

"FRIAR TUCK"



"THE OPENING CHORUS"

DRAWN AT THE LYRIC THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

The Starting-Gate Fiasco

The Lord Mayor's visit to Paris, the Lutin catastrophe, and the Ministerial crisis, have engrossed our attention to such an extent that we have given but a passing glance at some of the strange incidents that occurred during the week. We had the starting-gate fiasco at Longchamp that ended in the crowd burning the Pari-Mutuel booths. The scene, undoubtedly, was disgraceful, and the instigators of the turbulent demonstration deserved the blame they received. Unfortunately, there is another side to the question; and we must have the courage to look it straight in the face. What the Pari-Mutuel is, everybody knows. The State has suppressed bookmakers, and has quietly stepped into their shoes. In other words, the State has opened a gambling establishment that brings in about £1,200,000 per year. A profitable undertaking! The Stewards of the Société d'Encouragement are virtually the State's croupiers, and have to see that everything is fairly and properly conducted. In all respectable gambling establishments it is etiquette—in fact, an unwritten law—that, in the event of a doubtful *coup*, the players have the benefit of the doubt. The bank having the advantage in respect to the odds, can afford, and is compelled, to show itself generous. Those who have witnessed the play at Monte Carlo will have noticed that the moment players raise a protest the money is immediately refunded. In fact, it is not to the bank's advantage to indispose the lambs that come to be fleeced.

The late French Premier: M. Sarrien

* * *

Fair Play Wanted

This golden rule the Stewards of the Société d'Encouragement failed to observe at the Longchamp drama. Did they object to losing a few hundred pounds over the transaction, or was it that they did not care to appear to blame their

Photos *Manuel*

The New Premier: M. Clémenceau

M. Clémenceau has, to all intents and purposes, been the real head of the late Ministry. He has, however, no easy task before him in forming his new Cabinet. It is rumoured that he intends combining the posts of the Ministers of War and Marine under the title of the Ministry of Defence

starter? The truth, I am afraid, will never be known. But it is certain that they made a fatal mistake, which ended in the crowd destroying about ten thousand pounds' worth of property. I have not the slightest desire to break a lance, either for the well-dressed assembly in the paddock, or for the multitude outside the enclosure. Neither are particularly interesting. If they risk their money they must take the consequences. But even a gambler can ask for fair play; and the only question is whether the gentlemen in office have meted this out to those who visited the Longchamp racecourse on that memorable day?

outside, calling out, "*Vive le Syndicat!*" And the six men in the six chairs looked first at one another, then at the master of the establishment; and they, too, raised their voices. They did not shout "*Vive*" something or other. They swore; and there were extenuating circumstances for the language they used. One had only half of his face shaved; two, who had submitted to the scissors, looked like half-plucked chickens. But the one who made most noise was an unfortunate gentleman who had gone in for the luxury of a "shampoo." There he sat, his head covered with a thick lather, bending over a basin, and half blinded by the stuff running into his eyes. His

PAINTED BY GEORGES RÉDON

"In a Montmartre Café"

This picture, by Georges Rédon, has been the sensation of the Autumn *Salon* this year

Shaving on the Sabbath

Masters and men are slowly coming to an understanding in respect to the "One day a week rest" question. The bakers no longer threaten us with stale bread on Mondays, and the other corporations are arranging matters in a friendly manner. But there still remain the hairdressers. The masters are prepared to give them the Mondays, whilst the men insist on the shops closing on Sundays. This difference of opinion leads to curious scenes. On Sunday last, in a hairdresser's shop in the Boulevard Saint-Michel, it was a busy moment. The assistants, at their master's request, had consented to work on that day. The six operating chairs were all occupied, and the wall was lined by people awaiting their turn. Suddenly the glass door opens, a deputation of the Syndicate enters, and a stern voice calls out, "Stop work!" The words acted like magic. In a second, razors, scissors, combs, brushes, curling tongs, were thrown down, and the assistants, putting on their hats and coats, promptly joined their friends

case requiring immediate attention, the proprietor attended first to him, and then finished the other work his men had left undone. Altogether, the new Act in respect to the "One day a week rest" is full of delightful surprises.

* * *

Who is the "Witty Frenchman"?

A London journal publishes a letter from an anonymous correspondent containing some remarks in respect to a notice that had appeared in the "Paris Week by Week" column. In his letter this correspondent says: "A witty Frenchman described the *Entente Cordiale* as having been conceived in a synagogue and born in a Freemason's lodge," and this correspondent, who very prudently does not sign his name, also takes care not to reveal that of the "witty Frenchman." This is rather a pity. With the exception of a handful of nondescript creatures in France, who still babble about "Waterloo" and "Perfidious Albion," Frenchmen of all creeds not only rejoice in the *Entente*, but express their deep

admiration for King Edward, who, in having brought about this understanding, performed one of the noblest deeds recorded in history. It was fortunate the before-mentioned letter was not taken over in a Paris paper, as the French public would have been somewhat surprised to hear an Englishman refer to King Edward's work in such a peculiar manner. For this reason, perhaps, this Englishman did well to conceal his name.

* * *

A Priest at the Bar

A very interesting case is that of the Abbé Lebrun, who, having studied law, asked to be received a member of the Bar. The Abbé Lebrun, still in holy orders, is thirty-four years old, and a most distinguished man. He speaks several languages fluently, is very learned, and is preparing a work on "Saint Sebastian and Italian Art," which, I hear, is likely to create some sensation in the literary world. Tall, very intelligent looking, the Abbé Lebrun's ambition is to be a barrister and yet remain a priest, two things not easy to conciliate as far as customs go. Others before him have made the attempt, and have not succeeded. The most famous instance was that of Père Lacordaire, the celebrated pulpit orator. When his application was discussed before the Committee of the Order of Advocates, they found that the position of a priest is incompatible with that of a barrister, inasmuch as the latter must be free and independent, whilst, if still in holy orders, he owes obedience to his superiors. Now, however, since the Law of Separation has come into force, things have altogether undergone a change, and the Abbé Lebrun, who, by the way, is very much respected and popular, may put forward such arguments as will cause him to be admitted a member of the Bar. Should he succeed, he will have the honour of having broken the record.

* * *

"Bilboquet"—the Latest Pastime

Who does not remember from his nursery days the toy called "cup-and-ball"—a little stick pointed at one end, at the other a hollow cup with a ball fastened to a string? The object of the game is to swing the ball in such a manner as to make it alight in the cup, or to catch it on the point of the stick in a little hole *ad hoc*. The latter feat, however, demands more than ordinary skill. In England the cup-and-ball—*bilboquet* as it is called in French—has not played a rôle beyond the nursery. Not so in France. Henri III., the dissipated Valois King, was so fond of the game that he walked in the Paris streets, a *bilboquet* in hand, his example being followed by his courtiers. The silly fashion died with the King, but suddenly came into vogue a century later, and, if we can believe the authors of that period, actors and actresses appeared in pieces by Molière, Corneille, and Racine, carrying *bilboquets*. A few years ago Paul de Cassagnac, the famous journalist and duellist, practised the game, and the members of his staff acted like Henri the Third's courtiers. A few Society idlers imitated him, but the *bilboquet* again disappeared. To-day, the members of the staff of *Le Matin*, our leading morning paper, are reviving it; and we hear of sensational matches between several popular writers. Despite the *Entente Cordiale*, it is doubtful that the *bilboquet* will cross the Channel and become popular.

FRANCES KEYZER.

Photo *Haines*

A new photograph of Count Albert Mensdorff, Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in London

The Town of Gigantic Growths

NEW YORK: THE CITY OF DREADFUL HEIGHT

View of Broadway buildings from the river

Clustered together, in one clump, the huge business premises of Broadway, Wall, and Nassau Streets make an immensely impressive spectacle from an incoming ship. Every year, some new "sky-scraper" goes up and dwarfs its neighbours, so that the buildings, which a few years ago were regarded as "mammoth," now look like week-end cottages

Photos] **Transforming the Grand Central terminus** *[Illustrations Bureau*

Work is now going forward on a mammoth scale to reconstruct the old Grand Central Station on 42nd Street. Though the old station is only seven years old, it has been found inadequate for the immense traffic. The new station is forty times as large, having a total area of sixty-one acres, accommodation for 200,000 people daily, and thirty express and suburban tracks, the electrification of which is now in process

Street—or Tunnel?

A THOROUGHFARE DARKENED BY SKY-SCRAPERS

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Nassau Street, New York City

Which, thanks to its immense buildings, is more of a tunnel than a street. It is, however, the busiest and wealthiest thoroughfare in the city

On Brooklyn Bridge

THE HARDEST-PRESSED PLANKS IN CHRISTENDOM

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

New York City from Brooklyn Tower

View of the great cross-river structure, which is at once a roadway, tram-route, and railroad track. It is, probably, the most hustling thoroughfare in Christendom, and on it there is "no use" for the idler and lounger

A COUPLE OF CURIOS

An Icelandic Menu

The last spot to get linked on to the rest of the universe by cable is Iceland, where the laying of the wires was completed a week or two back. The occasion was celebrated by a little mild amusement in the shape of a dinner, the menu of which we reproduce — the merits of which all our readers who are acquainted with the language will be able to judge. The views at the top of the menu give an idea of the somewhat bleak and barren aspect of the spot where the cable lands, though at the same time it almost seems as if the island were shortly to become quite a holiday resort, for the first message sent through, was to Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons. With characteristic lack of initiative, however, the Post Office announced their inability to send the reply, though the message was readily taken by one of the cable companies. We hope, however, that if the island does become popular, Messrs. Cook will arrange for Hecla, Iceland's volcano, to perform at intervals.

A Gretna Green Certificate

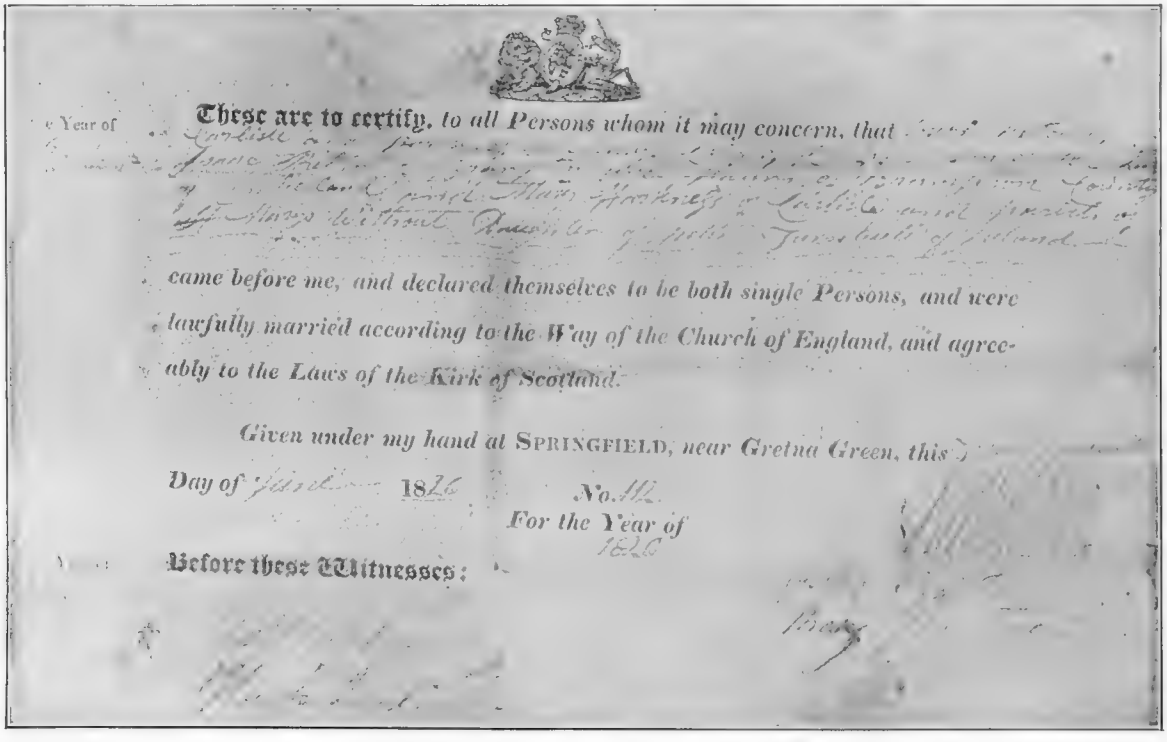
Probably one of the most romantic of the abuses of the "good old days" was the marriages at Gretna Green, where many hundreds of runaway marriages were celebrated. The most notorious of the "priests of Gretna" was Robert Elliot, the blacksmith, who in his time united 4,000 couples, including many of noble families. According to Scottish law, a declaration before a witness legalises a marriage, a fact of which amorous couples were not slow to take advantage. After 1856, this mode of tying the marriage knot at Gretna Green was declared illegal by Act of Parliament. The photograph below is a facsimile of one of the marriage certificates signed by Elliot, who, when he died, clasped in his hand a bundle of notes worth several hundreds of pounds.

Matseðill

í samsæti á Seyðisfirði við vígslu sæsímans 25. ágúst 1906.

Súpa		Madeiravín
Beinlausir kolar	Hollenzk ídýfa	Rínarvín
Silungur		
Bæheimsbjúgu	– Grænar baunir	Randvín
Etistonglar	– Hrært smjör	
Dilkasteik	– Jarðepli	Kamparvín
Kaka		Sherryvín og
Ís		Oportovín
Sælgæti		
kaffi		Konjakk o. fl.

The menu of the dinner held in Iceland to celebrate the linking up of the Island with the rest of the world by cable



These are to certify, to all Persons whom it may concern, that

came before me, and declared themselves to be both single Persons, and were lawfully married according to the Way of the Church of England, and agreeably to the Laws of the Kirk of Scotland.

Given under my hand at SPRINGFIELD, near Gretna Green, this

Day of 1826 No. 112

For the Year of 1826

Before these Witnesses:

One of the original Gretna Green certificates, signed by the blacksmith and "priest of Gretna," Robert Elliot

FROM ABROAD

"Koepenick." The Walls of the Vatican

The "Captain" of Koepenick

We should have been glad, this week, to have published a proper portrait of the gallant "captain" of Koepenick, whose arrest of a German Burgomaster, and robbery of the municipal petty-cash till, have convulsed the Fatherland (and its Kaiser) to the detriment of all other topics. For one thing, it might have helped the police of this country, should Greek Street and the West End generally be able to dispense with their services for a bit, to capture the villain, who is, doubtless, like other alien criminals, in London for the autumn season. Failing the photograph of the "captain," we are printing a view of the Koepenick Town Hall, brought into world-wide notoriety as the scene of the outrage. Our German correspondent informs us that the exploits of the "captain" caused much "brightness" in Berlin. We thank him for that word. A little "brightness" was badly wanted after the Hohenlohe revelations, and it is good to know that the Kaiser himself got a hearty laugh out of the episode.

The Town Hall of Koepenick

The scene of the recent exploit of the bogus "captain," in which the Burgomaster was "arrested" and sent to Berlin, while the funds of the Municipality were annexed by the brigand

The Pope's Propped-up Palace

The latest news from the Eternal City is to the effect that the walls of the Vatican are falling in, and that the whole palace is in danger. Large cracks have appeared in the Sala della Segnatura and the Library, while the Pope's private apartments have had to be hurriedly vacated and emptied of their valuable furniture. The Library is situated at the north-western corner of the Vatican, and visitors are shown through it with as much haste as decorum permits. It is studded with fine busts, and its walls are covered with more or less interesting frescoes. In the Great Hall, however, are contained a magnificent collection of manuscripts and illuminated books. There is a fourth-century Greek bible, a manuscript of the Commedia of Dante, manuscripts of Virgil, autographs of Michael Angelo and Petrarch. Also to be noted, are Augustine's commentary on the Psalms and the work by Henry VIII. on the Sacraments, which brought to that monarch the title of Defender of the Faith.

Is the Vatican in danger?

View of the famous library, containing innumerable historical manuscripts and books, on the walls of which large cracks have been noted. Other parts of the Vatican which have been observed to be in a crumbling condition are the Sala della Segnatura, and the Pope's private apartments, which have had to be hurriedly vacated

Worldly Short Story No. 47

THE LOST DIAMOND

By F. STEWART

TO WORLDLY AUTHORS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for. Only good stories are wanted!

EVERYONE was very much interested in the case, as it synchronised with one that was exciting immense interest on the Continent. Mrs. Sylvester had been playing the piano; had found her fingers overloaded with rings; had removed them, and among them the famous Sylvester diamond, that was supposed, at a modest estimate, to represent something over ten thousand pounds. When she wished to replace her rings, this famous gem had been missing. It had happened at their house-party in Scotland, and had provided an unpleasant excitement. Everyone lived in terrified expectation of finding it gleaming among their tooth-powder, as had happened to the unfortunate Count abroad. The guests who had been sitting at some distance from the piano congratulated themselves, while those who had been sitting near regretted their unfortunate choice of a locality, and everyone pitied poor Tommy Curtis, who had, as usual, been as close to lovely Mary Sylvester as he could manage to be. "Hanging over her—hanging over her—positively touching her," said one old lady to another. "I don't want to insinuate anything, but he is, everyone knows, fearfully in debt, and temptation *is* temptation"—and with this obvious platitude she cast the first stone at Tommy Curtis. At first hope was prevalent that the ring would be found. Although it was practically impossible that it should have fallen into the piano, it was opened, and a thorough search instituted. Although people were positive that she had worn the ring that evening, her maid was questioned, but she remembered perfectly that her mistress had put it on when dressing for dinner. She remembered unlocking her jewel-case and giving it to her. The mystery offered no solution. Three days elapsed and then a rumour began to circulate among the guests that private detectives were in the house, and that all were subject to supervision. Old Mrs. Clancy, the lady who had declared that temptation was temptation, went straight to her host, and declared that if this was the case, she would immediately leave the house, and that she would take it as a personal favour, before doing so, if he would allow her boxes to be searched. Sylvester demurred. He admitted that detectives were in the house disguised as servants, but he explained that, apart from her character, it was impossible that she should be connected with the robbery as she had been sitting at the farthest end of the room at the time it occurred. Sylvester brought out the word "robbery" with a certain hesitation, and regretted it when he saw the tide of angry red that flooded the old lady's face. "I must insist on having my box and my maid's thoroughly searched," she said, firmly, "before I leave this house." Sylvester had no choice but to acquiesce. Several people, who had lacked the courage to take the initiative, followed her heroic precedent, and the house rapidly emptied. Sylvester was in despair. He was a very rich man, but he worked very hard, and he was accustomed to regard his annual shooting as the most delightful time in the year. Now, everything was marred. No one cared a straw who had made the biggest bag; even the high stakes played at bridge failed to awaken much interest, while before the disappearance of the diamond a good deal of excitement had centred round Mary Sylvester's table, who was reported to play a good deal higher than her husband approved, and to be consistently unlucky.

"I wish you'd lower your points a bit, Molly," he said, one evening. "What a curse this diamond business is—but I can't let the matter drop."

Mary Sylvester, who was standing before her mirror, endeavouring to make up her mind as to whether emeralds or pearls best became her, sighed wearily. "I will play lower when I get my money back," she said slowly, "but I don't want to leave off so much to the bad." She looked at him as she spoke, and he was struck by the haggard misery of her face. "You've aged ten years in the last fortnight," he said, sharply. "How much are you to the bad?"

"O! I don't know without looking," she said, quickly.

"But about . . . about . . . approximately," he insisted, irritably.

"Oh! a few hundred or so," she answered, lightly.

"A few hundred or so," he repeated angrily; "well—you'll have to pay it out of your allowance. I told you last time I'd pay no more of your gambling debts. You understand," he added, as he flung himself out of the room. His wife watched him with fascinated eyes, and drew a long breath of relief when he banged the door behind him. "Men," she reflected, "are wonderfully stupid. Fancy believing that a few hundreds represented about—about—approximately." She laughed outright.

. . . . .

A week had passed since the diamond had been

(Continued on page 232)

Another Worldly Story Next Week

(All rights strictly reserved)

A National Loss

THE BURNING OF THE FAMOUS OLD ABBEY AT SELBY

Photo **Selby Abbey (as it was): The Choir** [*Frith*

The Abbey was founded in the twelfth century as the church of a Benedictine Monastery, and exhibited almost every style of architecture from Norman to Perpendicular. Its loss is irreparable, as it was one of the architectural glories of the kingdom. Selby is the traditional birthplace of Henry I.

Photo **Selby Abbey (as it is): A general view of the ruins** [*Rosemont*

The fire probably originated in a new organ, which had just been erected, and was driven by a gas engine. From the first the firemen were quite unable to get the flames under. Dense crowds watched the sight, and many were moved to tears by the pathetic sight of the total destruction of this historic building

(Continued from page 230)

stolen, and the party had dwindled down to three people. Unpleasant things were beginning to be whispered about Curtis. It was remembered that he was the only person who had been standing over Mrs. Sylvester while she played, and was consequently nearest to the rings when she placed them on the piano. He was also well known to be in money difficulties. The other two who still remained of the party—a Mr. and Mrs. Archer—had been in the garden at the time, and were comfortably aware that no suspicion could be attached to them, and showed no desire to curtail their visit. Tommy Curtis was a young man who was popularly supposed to live by his wits, and Mrs. Archer, who enjoyed a large and assured income, naturally credited him with the morals commonly associated with the impecunious who enjoy life. "I can't think how he can stay on," she remarked to her husband, "although I am glad in a way, as it would spoil our rubber if he went. Sylvester won't play."

"Hang it all," retorted her husband, "you can't convict a man without evidence."

But Mrs. Archer was a woman who knew better.

Two days later the house was in a ferment of excitement. The diamond had been found under most dramatic circumstances. Tommy Curtis, leaning over the piano listening to Mary Sylvester play, suddenly declared that he heard something rattle inside the instrument. Mrs. Archer, who was standing by the bridge table in the centre of the room, exchanged significant glances with her husband. Had she not prophesied only last night that Curtis would lose his nerve, and find some way of returning the diamond.

'I can hear nothing," answered Mary Sylvester, who had turned very white. She struck a chord and the keys answered perfectly.

"Not so low down in the bass or so high up in the treble," answered Curtis, who was scarlet with excitement; "just about here." He struck some chords at random in the middle of the keyboard, and a perceptible rattle was heard. "It's the ring," he exclaimed. "Let's look—but how could it have got in?"

This time Mrs. Archer smiled at her husband. A search promptly resulted in the recovery of the diamond. It flashed and sparkled in young Curtis's hand. "Thank Heaven it's found," he said impulsively.

"It's a very extraordinary thing," said Sylvester drily—he had come into the room without being heard—"for the piano was taken to pieces by an expert the day after the ring was lost." His tone was unmistakably dry and unpleasant.

"Well—so long as it is found," said Archer, quickly. He was essentially a kindly man, and he was extremely sorry for young Curtis. Innocent or guilty, he was in an unpleasant position. The young fellow seemed aware of the antagonism expressed in Sylvester's attitude, and winced. Yet, unaccused, it was impossible to defend himself.

"I am as perplexed as you are," he said, slowly; "and, personally, I do not think the matter should be allowed to drop here."

"So long as it is found," said Mary Sylvester, faintly. She looked white and scared as she glanced from one man's face to the other's. An uncomfortable silence ensued, broken by Mrs. Archer, who announced that she was going to bed. She was hardly out of the room when she turned on her husband, "Now, perhaps, you will admit," she said, with a condemnatory sniff, "that I knew what I was talking about when I said I believed that young Curtis took that diamond? Of course, he was frightened, and put it back."

"Mr. Curtis begs me to make his adieu to you," said Sylvester to his wife about an hour later. "He is leaving by the first train to-morrow and will breakfast early."

"You have insulted him," said his wife in a low, strained voice.

"No," answered her husband drily; "but he is pleased to take exception to my manner."

"I shall make a point of saying good-bye to him before he goes," she said obstinately.

Her husband looked at her, and her eyes dropped before his. "Believe me," he said, with a sombre smile, "you had better do what I tell you, and take better care of your jewellery in the future. That diamond would be a very useful thing on which to raise money if one was ever in a tight place. And who knows," he sighed.

"Do you really think Mr. Curtis stole the ring?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "The evidence is purely circumstantial," he said. "What do you think? Swear to me that you think him innocent, and I will hold him so. Otherwise—a momentary yielding to a mad impulse. These things happen; although, to my mind, it is difficult to imagine a man so low a cur as to steal from the woman he professes to—love. Do you think him innocent?" But Mary was silent, and Curtis left in the morning without seeing her.

. . . . .

Curtis found himself gradually banned. He was not cut, but he was no longer in request. From being one of the most popular young men in London, he became a person who was asked incidentally by good-natured people who did not like to drop him all at once. He began to find life unbearable. It was impossible to clear himself, and he left London. At this time Mrs. Sylvester was at her zenith. She was the prettiest woman in London, and her husband had apparently tired of endeavouring to check any of her desires. They lived as millionaires, and if here and there somebody croaked and wondered how long it would last, the majority helped them spend without care for the morrow.

Speculating was now frequently mentioned in connection with Sylvester's name. He was phenomenally lucky, and men followed his lead and made fortunes. But there came a turn. Rumours were rife that Sylvester couldn't last. He looked as if he was enduring a severe strain. Everyone noticed it except his wife, who was immersed in her gaieties. There were times when he longed for a little sympathy; when he felt that it would be an unutterable relief to share his troubles with her. He often wondered if she was capable of caring for anyone. Yet at one time he had believed that she returned Curtis's passion. Honestly, he had believed that he had been guilty. Possibly the baseness of the theft had killed her love. A report had reached him that the

(Continued on page 234)

A Daughter of "Mrs. Pat"

Photo *W. and D. Downey*

Miss Stella Campbell, the twenty-year old daughter of Mrs. Patrick Campbell

She has been very anxious to go on the stage ever since she left the schoolroom, and is at length to have her wish granted. When she accompanies her mother to America very shortly, she will appear as "Ellean" to that lady's "Mrs. Tanqueray," and "Marie" to her "Magda"

(Continued from page 232)

unfortunate young man had gone utterly to the bad, and had blown his brains out at Monte Carlo. As he walked slowly home he wondered if his wife would care—or had she quite forgotten? He walked slowly homewards. Things had come to a crisis, and he could no longer keep the truth from her. She was dressing for a ball when her husband knocked at her door. "Send Lucille away," he said shortly, "I want to speak to you."

"Well," she said impatiently, as the door closed behind the maid, "what is it? I am late already."

"Make the most of this ball," he said, laconically. "We are in a tight place. Still, we may pull through yet; but I must lay my hands on a few thousand pounds. That ring is worth a small fortune." He pointed to the diamonds flashing in the famous Sylvester ring. "It's a small sum considering my liabilities, but it will give me time to look round." He stopped short. His wife had turned livid. "Good luck for us that young scamp didn't levant with it. By the way, I heard to-day that he is dead. Lost his little all at Monte Carlo, and then blew his brains out. My God! Molly don't look at me like that. I thought you'd forgotten the man." After all she was human. She could feel for another man. The old fury of jealousy surged in his veins.

"Tommy Curtis dead?" she said slowly. "Did you say that you have to raise money on—on——"

"The ring," he concluded briskly. "Yes; but my difficulties are only temporary. But I must have money at once. Let me have it now, and I can negotiate to-night. Everything depends on my having the money first thing to-morrow morning."

"I don't feel up to the ball to-night," she answered. "Can't you raise the money any other way?"

"No," he retorted, sharply. "But you shall have it back. . . . I shall get out of this hole, but we shall have to retrench."

There was silence for a moment. Outside the traffic roared. London had begun to enjoy itself, and electric landaulettes flashed past. "I have changed my mind," said Mary Sylvester, at last. As she broke the silence she looked furtively at her husband. "I will go to the ball to-night. It is well when pleasures are coming to an end to enjoy oneself when one can."

Her husband did not answer. He could not think without a pang of regret of the spoiled life. He had never liked Curtis; he had detested all the young exquisites who surrounded his wife wherever she went. But Curtis he had detested more than any, because he was the only man he had ever feared. He looked at his wife, in all the glory of her beauty, and wondered at women. After all, they had been very intimate, and he had only been dead two days ago, and she proposed to dance to-night. Perhaps, after all, she had never cared for him, and he had worried himself for nothing.

"Very well," he said. "But let me have the ring. I must negotiate to-night."

"You may as well let me wear it," she returned.

He repressed a movement of impatience. "I must insist on your allowing me to have the ring."

"The very best Parisian paste fetches very little," she answered, with a sneer in her voice. "As surprises are in the air to-day, I may as well tell you that I sold the famous diamond two years ago to pay my bridge debts and to settle one or two other little accounts. Do you remember my asking you for money, and your refusing it. You told me that I must pay my debts out of my allowance. Do you remember?"

Yes—he remembered.

"I had to send the ring away, and I thought you would miss it. So I arranged a little scheme that proved very successful," she went on impassively. "When I put my rings down on the piano I managed to secrete the diamond one. Nothing could be easier. No one counted my rings or noticed its absence. I just put my hand up to the lace of my dress where it was draped across the breast, and slipped it in. These low-cut bodices are very convenient. I also arranged for its finding. I was sorry about Tommy Curtis, but someone had to go to the wall, and he was the one on whom suspicion naturally fell. If it is imperative, I will stay at home to-night, and you can have the rest of my jewellery. But I am afraid you won't find it of much use. You have not been very generous for a rich man."

Her cool, pretty voice stopped. Her husband stared at her half dazed, and staggered out of the room.

Mrs. Sylvester went to the ball, and was very much admired. Her husband sat at home and envied poor foolish Tommy Curtis, lying in the suicide's cemetery at Monte Carlo, with a little black cross to mark his grave and a bullet through his brain.

F. Stewart.

A FORETASTE OF CHRISTMAS

(*Plum-pudding, and other Christmas delicacies, will be exceptionally dear this year.*—Daily Papers.)

A knock-out blow to close a trying year,
A bitter drop our brimming cup to fill,
The Christmas Pudding which we hold so dear,
This year, they tell us, will be dearer still.

The royal raisin, so we've just been told,
And—equally essential and as nice—
The succulent sultana, must be sold
At more than double their accustomed price.

We've also been informed that mistletoe
Will rise in value like the income-tax,
And though of holly there may be a show,
The berries must be made of sealing-wax.

The fuss in Cuba, so the papers say,
Tends also our festivities to mar,
It's due to this that we may have to pay
A shilling for a sixpenny cigar.

As if they'd not already filled our cup,
One horror yet above the others towers:
They hint that Turkey soon will be cut up
And shared among the European Powers.

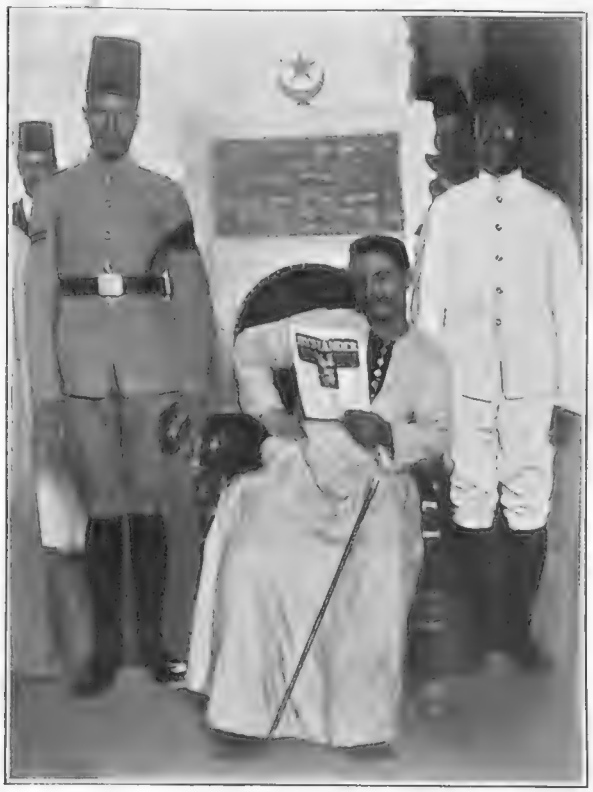
'Tis said that currants in profusion grow,
Valencia almonds may be had in quarts,
But I believe they only tell us so
To dam the gloomy current of our thoughts.

Still, if you can't afford to eat mince pies,
And if the Christmas pudding soft and brown
Above the powers of your purse should rise—
Your *doctor's bill* may possibly go down.

Tristram Crutchley.

"Bystander Everywhere" Competition (EIGHTH SERIES)

(*For Full Particulars see page* xii)



In the Cairo Citadel

The sender, Staff-Sergt. J. M. MACNAMARA, Army Pay Corps, Kasr-el-Nil Barracks, Cairo, Egypt, says: "The chair in which your reader is sitting was made specially for an old Egyptian soldier who lived well over one hundred years, and the inscription reads, in English and Arabic, 'Only he who by favour of God has lived one hundred years may sit in this chair.' I am afraid its occupant has not obeyed this injunction. The soldier on the left is an Egyptian, and the one on the right is a Soudanese"

On the Pampas of Argentina

The sender, Mr. CLAUDE WEBSTER, Estancia La Blanca, Estancion Fives-Lilli, F. C. Province de Santa Fé, Argentina, writes: "This was taken at Estancia La Blanca, in the Province of Santa Fé, about six hundred miles North of Buenos Ayres. The Indian woman, who arrived on the scene just as I was being taken, has all her household goods 'on board,' as they are always moving about from place to place. She belongs to the Mocori tribe, and can hardly speak Spanish, much less English"

On a glacier in Kashmir

Sent by MAJOR WIMBERLEY, Ferozepore, Punjab, India, who writes: "This photo was taken at the spot where the Lidun River escapes from the Kolabir Glacier, in Kashmir, at a height of 14,000 ft. above the sea. The Kolabir Peaks tower to 18,000 ft."

In a Transylvanian valley

Mrs. T. H. BARNARD, Kempston Hoo, Bedford, the sender, says: "The man holding your paper is a Wallachian woodcutter, who talks Roumanian. This valley is quite secluded and almost uninhabited, and the people are very primitive"

By Field, Stream & Covert.

A remarkable pheasant

This bird, which was shot on Lord Llangattock's estate, "The Hendre," had an exceptionally long tail, and some of the feathers were half white and some half marked

The Mishap to the Quorn M.F.H.

An opening meet of the Quorn Hounds without their Master would be an unfortunate event in the hunting world. There seemed to be every probability of it midway through the present month, when Capt. Frank Forester took an ugly fall on the high road, and, at the moment, appeared to be severely hurt. Happily, the injuries were not so bad as was at first feared, and the popular M F.H. was out again a few days later. It is an extraordinary thing that the worst riding accidents occur at the most unlikely places and when least expected. The third Marquis of Waterford broke his neck at a little bit of a fence that required next to no jumping, and in many cases good men have come seriously to grief over similarly small obstacles. The reason, no doubt, is carelessness, born of contempt for an insignificant-looking place. Seeing no danger, one approaches the jump without the usual precautions, only to pay the penalty :—

In a rattling gallop with horse and hound
You may chance to reverse the medal
On the sward, with the saddle your loins across,
And your hunter's loins in the saddle.

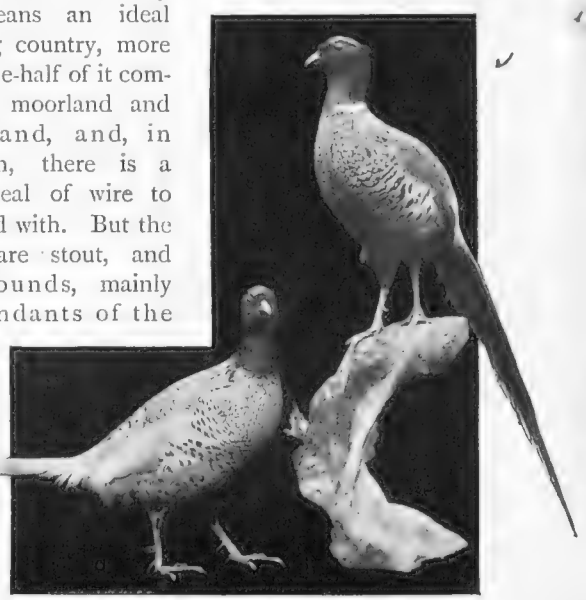
In its way, Captain Forester's accident was quite unique. On his way to the next covert, he was galloping smartly along the high road near Thorpe Satchville. Suddenly, a stray hound bolted clean between his horse's legs. Down came the hunter, and only a stout hunting cap saved the M.F.H.'s skull. As it was, Captain Forester sustained slight concussion, and some bad bruises through his horse rolling over him. One does not expect this sort of mishap when hunting, and the moral for horsemen would seem to be, "Beware of stray hounds." Usually the boot is on the other leg. Hounds, as a rule, are the sufferers from kicking horses, and it is a marvel that they are not injured more frequently, seeing how they will thread their way through a crowd of more or less restive horses.

Some Hunting Anecdotes

Tales innumerable are told of men who habitually over-ride hounds or who ride animals that are a danger to the pack. "Is that B—— I see over there," said a Midland M.F.H., espying at the meet a well-known thruster. "Yes? Well, then couple up Romper and Rallywood and take them back to kennels." Another M.F.H., taking aside a member of the hunt who bore a bad reputation for over-riding hounds, remarked, "I want you to be careful of that bitch; she is one of the best in the Badminton kennels." "Very good," replied the member naïvely, "but I am afraid I have a fearfully bad memory for hounds." At a meet in the Shires, the Master, seeing that a horse rather above himself was edging ominously near to the pack, shouted to the rider, "Look out for that hound, he's worth twice as much as your horse!" Nowadays it is customary to place a danger signal on horses that are unreliable in this respect. But such quadrupeds are far better left at home, or put into harness, and I certainly consider that no owner is absolved from blame for any damage that may ensue just because he places a red ribbon in the tail of his bad-tempered brute. Moreover, the red-ribbon business is badly abused by a few unscrupulous people, who know that with this label—whether their horses are kickers or not—they are certain to get plenty of elbow-room, especially at gates and gaps.

Revival of an Ancient Hunt

Cardiganshire sees the revival this season of a hunt which has a history dating back to the time of the Pryse Pryse of 1700. The hounds have always been in the hands of this family, and it was the death of Mr. P. P. Pryse, six years ago, the result of a fox-bite, which caused the hunt to be temporarily abandoned. Since then, Sir E. J. Webley Parry Pryse has succeeded to the baronetcy and estates, and he now starts the old pack once more. It is by no means an ideal hunting country, more than one-half of it comprising moorland and woodland, and, in addition, there is a good deal of wire to contend with. But the foxes are stout, and the hounds, mainly descendants of the



Photos *Leonard Willoughby*

Magnificently marked birds

The pheasants in "The Hendre," where these were shot, are very large, and silver in colour

The Opening of the Harrier Season

A kill of the Rockwood Harriers

The Rockwood Harriers hunt the country between Huddersfield and Wakefield

old pack, are among the best in Wales. On the Welsh border a new hunt establishment has arisen this season, under the Mastership of Mr. R. H. Baskerville. Allusion to the birth of this private pack was briefly made in our Hunting Supplement a fortnight ago, and it may now be stated that the kennels are at Clyro Court, Hay, and the thirty couples of hounds, known as the Clyro, will hunt on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Mr. Baskerville will carry the horn, and Mr. Vivian Helme, a sportsman well known in Herefordshire, turns hounds to him.

The Healthy State of Hare-Hunting

Sport with harriers and beagles is now well under way, and, generally speaking, the prospects of the season are as bright as they have been for many years. From all parts of the country the reports speak favourably on the supply of hares, and the total number of packs shows an increase on last year's figures. Particulars of sundry new packs were given in our last issue, and it can, with confidence, be said that everything points to the health and prosperity of modern hare-hunting. Our illustrations include a photograph of the Rockwood Harriers, which Mr. C. S. Tinker has hunted in the neighbourhood of Wakefield and Huddersfield for eight seasons. Seeing that fully 75 per cent. of the country is good sound pasture, it is a pleasant one for riding.

Mrs. Hillyard and her pocket beagles

None of the pack are over ten inches, and they are a very sporting little lot

Fly-Casting Extraordinary

Anglers on this side of the Atlantic Ocean will take some amount of satisfaction in the success which has attended Mr. John Enright, of Castleconnell, in the recent New York Anglers' Club open fly-casting tournament. With an 18 ft. rod he made the extraordinary cast of 148 ft. 6 in., and, by doing so, eclipsed all American records, the previous best having been 147 ft. Mr. Enright's most formidable antagonist in the tournament at Central Park was Mr. R. C. Leonard, whose best cast was 137 ft. What it means to throw out a line to anything approaching these extraordinary distances can only fairly be appreciated by a man who has had an 18 ft. rod in his hand. The average angler, it is safe to say, would find it supremely difficult to manipulate his line with any success under these conditions, and even experts like Mr. Enright find themselves obliged to keep as fit as trained athletes. A friend of the champion, who has fished with him in Ireland, says that Mr. Enright's casting was so "beautifully easy, and sweetly light," that one could watch it with delight for hours.

Lord Rosebery's Tramp in the Storm

Lord Rosebery will have good cause to remember his visit this year to Lord and Lady Colebrooke at Glengonnar House, Abington, Lanarkshire, not so much for the pleasant time which was spent there, but for the dismal adventure which befel him on his homeward journey. To be cast adrift, with a broken-down motor-car, and the company only of a chauffeur, on bleak Scottish moorland, and to have to tramp it through the snowstorm to the nearest habitation, is an experience which the strongest among us would not relish, or readily forget. And we may be sure that the memory of this disastrous breakdown will live long in Lord Rosebery's memory. Among the house-party which he had just left was the King, and earlier in the week there had been some excellent shooting at Netherton. On one day the guns, including His Majesty, Lord Colebrooke, Lord Rosebery, Lord Brackley, and Lord Mar, got 328 grouse, thirty-eight blackcock, and twenty-four hares, and on the following day they secured 243 grouse, thirty-two blackcock, and other game—a result which, at the advanced stage of the season, was wholly satisfactory to the shooting-party.

Covert-Shooting Ahead

The accompanying illustrations of the very fine pheasants reared by Lord Llangattock on his splendid Monmouthshire estate, "The Hendre," remind us of the busy time ahead for covert-shooters. For, though the first day of October marks the formal opening of pheasant-shooting, the best coverts are seldom disturbed until many weeks after that date. The pheasants which fall to the bags during October are, for the most part, those that come within the reach of the partridge-shooters. Nowadays, the tendency is for covert-shooting to be deferred as long as possible, and whereas, in the old days, much good sport was had with the swift-flying birds during October, the present practice is to wait until the trees are stripped of their autumnal foliage, so that the artificially reared pheasant, having attained to his full maturity and strength, may then be driven with a care amounting almost to a science. The later the shooting the better the sport. That, within reasonable limits, would seem to be a suitable axiom for modern covert-work.

The Twentieth-Century Rocketter

In any case, how can we compare the pheasant that flew out of the hedgerow, flush with the guns—as we see him depicted in old-time drawings — with the twentieth-century rocketter? There can, of course, be no question as to which bird would need the most killing. Yet it

must be noted that not only have birds, and the method of driving them, improved, but guns have been brought to a state of perfection which would have amazed the users of the old muzzle-loaders. So that while we claim a better breed of pheasants, we must freely acknowledge a weapon which has made a proportionate advance, and enables good shots to cope with the difficulties of the high pheasant stand. It is pretty generally agreed that, among ordinary game birds, the pheasant is the hardest to account for properly. According to the experts, the most difficult shot of all is the tall-soaring bird, which comes off a very high covert, with its wings outstretched and perfectly motionless. This is the bird which frequently baffles the surest guns, for in the absence of any wing movement his pace is extraordinarily deceptive.

The National Horse Supply

Few people will be found to deny that the constant exportation of good mares, half-bred and thoroughbred, from this country is, in the long run, bound to prove immeasurably damaging to the national horse supply. If we lose all our best mares of the hunter type, as seems likely to be the case in the end, how are we to breed fresh stock with which to meet the requirements of the Army, and the hunting man, or the nation at large in time of need? The reply of the optimists may be that we can purchase all the horses we need in an emergency from Hungary, Germany, America, or Canada, just as we did at scandalously ruinous cost in the time of the latest South African War. But those sources of supply may not be available just at the time when they are most needed; and certainly it seems a short-sighted policy for us to lose all the most suitable from which we might breed our own stock.

Lord Harrington's Suggestions

Private enterprise is at work, in the shape of the Brood Mare Society, to prevent the leakage; but an institution of that kind can only hope to cover a small part of the ground, and nothing really effective can be done until the State steps in to make it worth the while of farmers and breeders to keep their mares at home. The Earl of Harrington is one of those who are supremely interested in this important subject, and he has just made a suggestion which is worthy of every consideration. In brief, his proposal is that a certain number of chosen fillies bred in the United Kingdom should be awarded premiums of £10 each from the Government and £5 each from the hunts in which they are bred. In return, the stipulation would be that the owners agree to each of their premium fillies being branded with a Government brand or mark, which would render it unlawful to ship any mare so marked to any foreign port, unless at the sanction of the Government. Lord Harrington suggests the division of the country into five districts, each contributing fifty mares. This would ensure at least 250 mares annually being saved from exportation, and the annual cost to the State would be only £2,500. A. W. C.

Photo *Ball, Austin*

The Champion Fly-fisher casting on the River Shannon, Castleconnell

The World's Champion Fly-caster is Mr. Enright, and at the recent New York Anglers' Club Fly-casting Tournament he made the extraordinary cast of 148 ft. 6 in. with an 18 ft. rod

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Optional Honour

My suggestion that it might be a good thing to make the honour at the tee optional has drawn some comments from a writer in *Golfing*. He is unable to support my idea, but his reasons for his inability do not strike me as being very much to the point. He seems to think that by having the honour and driving off first, a player is making his adversary play the odd. Now, I cannot see in what possible way the second shot at the tee can be the odd. The odd must always be the first of two shots, and, therefore, your adversary, when he drives after you, is playing the like. My critic further states that he is unable to agree with my contention that, at times, it would be a distinct advantage to let your adversary drive before you. He supports this statement by pointing out that the mental atmosphere of the teeing ground is different from that of the fair green and the neighbourhood of the hole, and maintains that the advantage of having the honour and the moral effect of hitting a "screamer" first from the tee are so great as frequently to be fatal to the adversary who might, if given the honour, be quick to retrieve his fortunes.

The "Mental Atmosphere"

The "mental atmosphere," as my critic terms it, no doubt varies in pressure at different stages of a match. But I cannot see that in itself, apart from other considerations, it differs at the tee from the mental atmosphere which prevails during the rest of the hole that is being played. You would have to judge the temperament of your man. To some adversaries, one would doubtless never willingly give up the honour. Some players are very much affected by the tee shot of their adversary, and are much depressed when they see his "screamer" sailing away over the distant hazard towards the green. To such players, naturally, one would not give the honour, if it were optional. But there are many players who are not affected in the least by their adversary's stroke. As I say, the player would have to judge his man and act accordingly.

The Bone of Contention

But the bone I have to pick with my critic is this. He finishes up his consideration of the subject in the following passage: "In golf, as in the more serious affairs of life, it is better to play your own game than to be obliged to adapt your policy to the play of your opponent." A grosser misconception of the very essence and spirit of match play has never been put into words. The first and last maxim of match play is that you should watch your adversary's strokes and shape your game accordingly. If he makes a fine stroke, you must attempt to counter it by one equally good or even better. If he is securely in a hazard, then is the moment to play the safe game and take no risks. At every moment of a match your game is influenced by the doings of your opponent. The man who can go calmly on playing his own game, and paying no attention to the strokes of his opponent, is neither a good match player nor a pleasant person to play with. But I need not elaborate this part of the argument, for the point is so obvious to all old golfers and habitual match players that I am astonished to find such a statement as I have just quoted from *Golfing* put into print.

My Suggestion

I will only add that the slight change I am advocating would not deprive any man of the advantage of the honour, it would merely make it possible for him to divest himself of it whenever he might think it advantageous to do so. It is obvious that a player would not yield the honour, except on very rare occasions when the conditions were such as to make him wish to see the result of his adversary's tee shot at some extremely tricky hole, so as to be able to shape his policy in accordance with the success or failure of the other player. A correspondent has written to me on this subject, making a very ingenious, but I fear impracticable, suggestion. He contends that the honour is already optional. He bases his argument on the definition of the honour in Rule I. Rule I. (*o*) says: "The honour is the privilege of playing first from a teeing ground." My friend maintains that a "privilege" is a "right" or an "option." Against this must be taken Rule II., which says: "The option of taking the honour at the first teeing ground shall be decided, if necessary, by lot." I am afraid this is decisive, even if the dictionaries were not dead against any idea of an "option" being meant by the word "privilege." I don't suppose the point has ever crossed the minds of the framers of the rules. As it is the fashion to send up conundrums for solution to the Rules of Golf Committee, perhaps my ingenious correspondent will state a case and send it to them for decision.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

TO OUR HUNTING READERS

As was the case last season, we shall be very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people, to publish in our

"FIELD, STREAM, AND COVERT"

pages. The photographs, which should be silver prints, must be taken this season, and full particulars, including the date when taken, and the sender's name and address, must be pencilled on the back of each print. We shall pay **5s.** for photographs used either a quarter or half-page size, and **10s. 6d.** for those used over this size.

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books to Order this Week

"Victorian Novelists." By Lewis Melville. (Constable: 12s. 6d. net.)

"Christopher Columbus and the New World of his Discovery." By Filson Young. 2 vols. (E. Grant Richards.)

"Surrey." Painted by Sutton Palmer. Described by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. (A. and C. Black.)

"The Future in America." (Chapman and Hall: 10s. 6d.)

"To a Nun Confess'd." By Irene Osgood. (Sisleys: 6s.)

"The Cruise of the *Dazzler*." By Jack London. (Hodder: 6s.)

"The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape," and I imagine the *Times*, acting on that dictum of Shakespeare (who is, I believe, not yet on the boycott list of the Book Club), believes that if it only persists long enough in its present diabolical attitude, public sympathy will turn in its favour. Already I feel myself veering. Candidly, when I saw that boycott list published, which abjured T.B.C. subscribers on no account to order the new books of half a dozen famous firms (names mentioned), I wished, for the nonce, that I were a T.B.C. subscriber. To be eased from the obligation to peruse each new thing that comes out, and to be asked, instead, to give a look to this publication of last August, and that one of the previous October—lucky, lucky Book Club subscriber! For, in spirit, I should rest content, for a week or two, were I ordered to boycott the entire literary product of the twentieth century, and confine myself to reviewing work on the novelists of the Victorian period.

* * *

Oddly enough, it is a book published only last week, by the boycotted house of Constable, which has fired this sentiment from my pen. The book is Mr. Lewis Melville's *Victorian Novelists* (12s. 6d. net). Without saying so in so many words, Mr. Melville, in setting forth his critical estimate of the Victorian tribe of fictionists, among whom he includes Thackeray, Lytton, Disraeli, Kingsley, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Trollope, and Besant—there are others—practically forces on you the impression that the "grand manner" in fiction ceased with the late reign. "Victorian," though a word now tainted by association with the ponderous, the over ornate, the Philistinic, is, in fiction, practically synonymous with "big." To remember, as Mr. Melville reminds us in his essay on Wilkie Collins, that between the years 1847 and 1854:—

Thackeray published "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Esmond," and "The Newcomes"—the cream of his work; Dickens, at the zenith of his power, wrote "David Copperfield" and "Bleak House"; Disraeli completed the trilogy which consists of "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred"; the Brontës produced "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," "Agnes Grey," and "Wuthering Heights"; Lytton issued "Harold," and then struck a new vein with "The Caxtons," and "My Novel"; Mrs. Gaskell attracted attention with "Mary Barton," "Moorland Cottage," and "Cranford"; while Charles Kingsley won fame with "Alton Locke," "Yeast," and "Hypatia"; and Charles Reade rose into note with "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone."

* * *

Contrast this with the literary output of the last eight years! At the same time, I must, perforce, sigh with relief that it has not been my lot to live through such a period. Clumsy, trivial, artificial as has been the bulk of the work of the novelists of the Edwardian period so far as it has gone, it has been a more comfortable one for the critic. Imagine opening one's morning parcel of review books from the office and discovering therein "Vanity Fair," "David Copperfield," "Coningsby," "Jane Eyre," "Harold," "Hypatia," and "Peg Woffington." It would have meant a prompt order for a comfortable coffin for one critic, at any rate. It is worth noting that, among his essays on Victorian novelists, Mr. Melville has not deemed it necessary to include a

Mrs. Clement Parsons

Author of several books, a novel or so, and the entertaining *Garrick and his Circle*, just published by Messrs. Methuen (12s.)

Mr. Dickens (I think that was his name?). His explanation of the omission would be interesting. He also omits to consider the claims to be a "Victorian" novelist of Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot, which is odd—seeing that he includes Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Oliphant.

* * *

Apropos of George Eliot, it is evident that, in the eyes of "the Macmillans," that lady's popularity is in need of a fillip. For a new issue of *Scenes of Clerical Life* has been sent forth, under a "cover with a strange device"—by Mr. Hugh Thomson. A shepherd stands in the left-hand corner, high up under the title, and all around him are sheep in various postures, browsing and bleating. There are twenty-three of these sheep on the front of the cover and five on the back, and I do not know whether the design would be more suitable for a wall-paper, or as an advertisement for a firm of purified meat-packers. Inside the book, however, Mr. Hugh Thomson is, perhaps, a little more in keeping with the George Eliot spirit, for his sketches are dainty and full of atmosphere. If there is, as I above suggested, any decline in the popularity of George Eliot, this style of re-issue should enliven the market, while the cover alone is a possession in itself.

* * *

It is appropriate that Mr. H. G. Wells should have written a book about the United States, *The Future in America* (Chapman and Hall: 10*s.* 6*d.*), for what are the States but an outcome of the activities of the H. G. Wellses of the eighteenth century? Columbus, Washington, Penn, each of the founders of the great Republic was a bit of a Wells in his way, dabbling in Utopianism, and full of unbounded concern for "futures." Philadelphia, with its rectangular streets and vast distances; Washington, with its avenues and gardens; and New York, with its sky-scrapers and tunnels and tubes, its "elevateds," its quick-lunches, and roof-gardens, its business up-town, and its pleasurable down-town—these are just the very sort of cities that Mr. Wells himself would have been affectionately designing had he been a scribe of the century before last. That he should have visited the States and given an eye to the way they have "dovetailed" to such schemes is appropriate. Yet, the "best-laid plans," etc. He sends back, from his Transatlantic tower, nothing but curses for the land which he, surely, should have blessed. He finds America, despite all the Wellsian designs of the century before last, an accursed land. He out-Uptons Sinclair in his execration of the condition of America's workpeople. He abuses Trusts; finds the emancipated negro an unmitigated nuisance; bewails the lot of the hundreds of thousand European immigrants; calls the Government of the Republic the "feeblest, least accessible, and most inefficient of any civilised nation"—in fact, finds everything wrong with the U.S.A. (except President Roosevelt, who, it would seem, is "kwit orl rit").

* * *

Mr. Jack London, who has been most unfairly dubbed the "Kipling of America," has just had published *The Cruise of the "Dazzler"* (Hodder: 6*s.*), a book which will do much to clear him of the conveyed reproach. It is a little story of the adventures of a 'Frisco boy, afloat with pirates unawares, in the waters around the Golden Gate, and the most complimentary thing to be said is that there is nothing Kiplingesque about it. A Kipling boy is one of those calamities from which one prays to be delivered, and this young Joe of 'Frisco is not. He is a youth who has the real love of the sea and a hatred of book-work. He is a born fighter, yet possessed of a sense of honour and chivalry afloat which makes him a pleasing acquaintance. There is no specially blood-thirsty incident of the conventional kind in the book. 'Frisco Kid and the Frenchman, Pete, with whom our hero sails the seas on the *Dazzler*, are a couple of high-sea hooligans, rather than pirates. The high-sea hooligan is something new in adventure-fiction, and 'Frisco is not an overwritten city, and Jack London is something quite fresh and strong in the narrative line. *Ergo: The Cruise of the Dazzler* is something to be read.

* * *

The career of "a distinguished, but misguided, author and playwright of the 'nineties"—as they say in ultra-polite Society when they mean Oscar Wilde—has begun to attract the imagination of the feminine writer. "Frank Danby," earlier in the year, blazed forth in "The Sphinx's Lawyer"; but, alas for her noble intentions, not in such a manner as to convince the public or the critics. After that, I doubt not the personality of the author of "Intentions," and of certain plays and books, will form a ready theme for novelists on instant notoriety bent. When I add that *To a Nun Confess'd* (Sisleys: 6*s.*), by Irene Osgood, has as its leading subject the affectionate transactions between a Society woman and a "Mr. Savage," who is an easily recognisable representation of "Mr. Wilde," enough has been said to assure the reader of a piquant experience. The tale is related in the form of a series of letters to "Mary Dear" (Mary being a nun), from "Yolande," and it is dedicated to "my dear little mother." So short are the sentences in which the story is told, that it rather resembles—in appearance—the Litany. There, however, the resemblance ceases.

* * *

The most entertaining book on eighteenth-century life that has appeared for many a long day will be found in *Garrick and His Circle* (Methuen: 12*s.*), which Mrs. Clement Parsons has written evidently for the *bon motif*, the love of entertaining and being entertained. The picture of the brilliant central figure, in Society and on the stage, and the portraits of the hundred and one interesting people that he knew and liked, are drawn with unfailing vivacity, humour, and knowledge. Mrs. Parsons has absorbed the history of her period, but cleverly avoids showing us how fully informed she really is. Every now and then there is a hint of that *bas bleu* which we feel she must possess, but this is immediately corrected by an easy phrase, a touch of slang, or a rather wicked thrust. Apart from its historical value, the volume possesses those welcome qualities of sympathy and cheeriness so rare in biographical works. But what charms one above all in this masterly picture of Garrick and his friends and enemies is the personality of the author, which is so wisely, so discreetly, so engagingly permitted to be seen.

That Blessed Word "Sportsman"

A discussion of the silly season type has, it appears, been recently going on in one of the New York papers upon the question whether Englishmen are good "sports"—the Yankee term for sportsmen. The main point of interest in it for us is not so much what the various correspondents think as whether they know what they are talking about—or, in other words, whether they know what constitutes a good sportsman. I am afraid that the majority of them do not. They do not appear to have got farther than the crude and wholly erroneous definition of a sportsman as one who does not care whether he wins or loses. One of their number, who is described as a leading football coach, actually points to the fact that Cambridge ordered a new boat for their race against Harvard when they found that their old one did not suit them, and that in the race itself they rowed themselves out, as a proof that they "wanted to win," and were, therefore, it must necessarily follow, not good sportsmen. Can anything be more absurd? Of course they wanted to win. Whereabouts would the fun have come in for Harvard if they hadn't? No one can be a sportsman unless he is keen to win, for it is by the way in which he displays (and controls) his keenness that his claim to the title of sportsman is adjudicated upon. The term "sportsman" is no more capable of accurate definition than the term "gentleman"; but Englishmen know that a sportsman is a gentleman in matters connected with sport. They also know that there are plenty of men of other nationalities who have the same knowledge and act upon it, and that not a few of them are Americans. When, therefore, I find that an exponent of one of the most frankly brutal games in the world—American football—is hopelessly at sea upon the question, I am conscious of a feeling of pleasure rather than of surprise.

Cruelty, or Sabbath Breaking?

Readers of THE BYSTANDER who happen to have seen the illustrations which I published a few weeks back of the so-called "sport" of rabbit-coursing, will be interested to hear that the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have succeeded so far in their crusade against this most brutal form of amusement as to get a grand jury to find a true bill against some of the people who indulge in it. Of course, this is only the first step; the case itself does not come on

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

At Richmond, on Wednesday last, South Africa beat Middlesex by nine points to nothing

In the course of the rush in which their first try was gained, the South African forward, Martheze, was injured as depicted above

until the next Middlesex Sessions, and even when it is tried, the question will be not whether rabbit-coursing is illegal, but whether the field in which the rabbits were coursed is our old friend, "a place within the meaning of the Act"—the Act in question being an old Act, known as the Sunday Observance Act, which is aimed against Sabbath-breaking in general. Nor must it be forgotten that a prosecution under this Act before justices has already been dismissed; so has another under a similar old Act, which endeavours to keep people at home on Sundays, by forbidding them to play games outside their own parishes on that day. It may be observed that Sunday is the day on which the most rabbit-coursing goes on, otherwise it could not have been brought within the purview even of these antiquated enactments; and it really seems absurd that the state of the law is such that these people have to be tried not for what they are really accused of—the torturing of dumb animals—but for a breach of the Fourth Commandment. But if the Whitechapel rabbit-courser can be prosecuted for coursing rabbits at Brentford or Hounslow, why should the same fate not befall the Kensington golfer, who spends his Sundays at Mitcham or Sunningdale?

South Africa Beats Middlesex by Nine Points

The game at Richmond last Wednesday was one in which both sides, and particularly Middlesex, shone in defence rather than in attack. In fact, so far as the Middlesex backs were concerned, their attacking power was almost *nil*. Their half-backs were no match for Carolin and his partner, who were usually on to them before they could get a move on, and if they did get the ball away it was not of much use, for a wild pass, a fumble, or a throw forward was bound to occur just as the three-quarters were looking dangerous. It was positively irritating to see backs so capable in defence and yet so incapable in attack, and so slow in grasping their opportunities. Once, Lambert, on the wing, got nicely away, and positively every man on his side stood and gaped at him, instead of backing up. When he was confronted by the full-back and looked round for somebody to pass to, there was nobody within miles. Of course, there was plenty of backing up at times; but the art of passing when you're collared—the most valuable kind of passing—is, in England, apparently a lost art. The forwards, on the other hand, were good all-round, and dribbled so well that it was a pity they could not resist the temptation to pick up, for the pick up usually meant an utterly futile pass. The best of a good pack were the Welshmen, Harding and Williams (though both were pretty badly hurt, and the latter was off the field for some time), for they played to win. Jenkins and Geddes ran them close, but the rest, both forward and behind, seemed to be playing a desperate, rather than a determined, game with the object of keeping their opponents' score down (in which they succeeded to some extent), and the hope that by some sort of miracle (which did not happen) they might achieve a score of their own. As for the South Africans, they showed that they are a good all-round team without being geniuses. It is certainly not easy to score against them; but, on the other hand, with all due allowance for the resolute manner in which their attacks were met, they did not strike one—in this match, at any rate—as possessing much scoring power themselves. The score, as compared with what they had done hitherto, shows how really weak were the teams which they had previously met.

And Newport by a Pip Less

Saturday's match against Newport was interesting because it was the first match that the "Springboks" have played against a club team, and we all know that a good club team—especially a Welsh club team—could probably take on most English counties and beat them; so that there were some who thought that Newport would manage to get home. As a matter of fact, Wednesday's history almost repeated itself. The Newport forwards held their own and more, just as the Middlesex forwards had done, but they were let down, like Middlesex, by their backs, who defended well, but were curiously impotent in attack. So the visitors won again by a goal and a try (both gained in the first half) to nothing. It remains to be seen what Glamorgan—almost a Welsh International side if all their best men can turn out—will do with them to-day. Saturday was quite a fatal day for the 'Varsity fifteens, for they both went down, Cambridge before the Old Leysians, and Oxford before the Taylors, for whom Raphael was playing again.

THE PRESS AND THE PROFESSION

Have you, by any chance, noted that a sixpenny illustrated contemporary of ours—shall I call it the *Prattler*?—has, of late, been remarkably enterprising in securing as contributors members, more or less illustrious, of the theatrical profession? It engaged a real live actor-manager as its dramatic critic, and its contents, generally, may be described as "literature" of stagey people, for stagey people, and by stagey people. Breathes there the actor with any rôle so dead that he is not good enough for a page of "experiences" in our contemporary? Is it down-hearted?—er—no—well, perhaps it is a little just now. For the other day its editor wrote to a well-known actor now drawing crowded houses. Would he meet the editor at lunch? Would he, over the cigars and coffee, then tell him all he ever knew about himself—and more also—to be "written up" right there and inserted as an article under his own name? Or, failing that, would he deign to pen the screed with his own hands and post to the office? Well, the editor got the following reply from this actor:—

Dear Sir,—I am sorry to be unable to comply with your request. I am a member of the S.P.P.M.A.O.T.I.P., and Messrs. Arthur Growcher and Edmond Grief, Phyllis May, Edna Dare, and others, have been expelled for doing the same thing.—Yours faithfully.

To which the editor replied:—

Dear Sir,—Your note has been laid before the Board of Directors, who are much mystified as to the S.P.P.M.A.O.T.I.P. Kindly inform us as to the nature of this body, as it seems quite an interesting matter.—Yours truly.

And the actor wrote back:—

Dear Sir,—I referred, of course, to the Society for Preventing People Making Asses of Themselves in the Papers. — Yours faithfully.

AUTUMN,
1906.

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H.M. THE KING.

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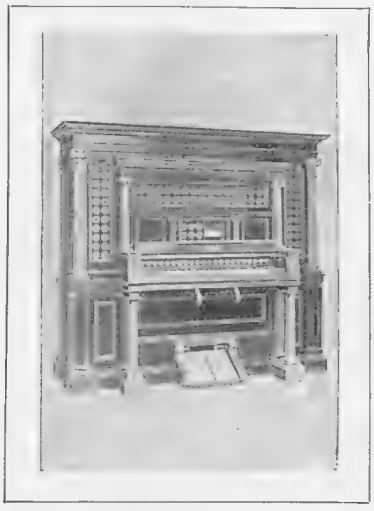
A large sample, with booklet, sent free, on application to Mellin's Food, Ld., Peckham, S E.

THE HOME ORCHESTRA.



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The majority of eminent living musicians all recognise the great value to music of the Æolian, and there is no doubt that you would be equally interested if you visited Æolian Hall, where you are invited to call. In any case write for Catalogue **II.**

The Orchestrelle Co.

ÆOLIAN HALL,

135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.

Automobile Topics.

By DOUGLAS MILLER

Hartfield Hill Climb

Favoured by delightful autumn weather, the Open Hill Climb organised by the Crystal Palace Automobile Club proved a distinct success. The venue was a stretch of road rather over a mile in length, some four and a half miles from East Grinstead, winding over the summit of Ashdown Forest. The rise averaged 1 in 12, but one or two stiff stretches afforded excellent testing ground, and as there was little or no traffic beyond the forty-one cars which competed, some good performances were witnessed. Particular interest was manifested in regard to this, the last of the season's competitive events, on account of the precautions taken to prevent improper use of oxygen or any similar adventitious aid to carburation, and the Committee are to be congratulated upon the success which attended their efforts in that direction. Cars were classified according to engine capacity, and it was noteworthy that three-fourths of the entries were of cars, the cylinder measurement of which did not exceed 350 cubic inches. Eight cars were entered between that figure and 500 inches, while three Tourist Trophy entrants—the Arrol-Johnston, Gladiator, and Siddeley—were relegated to a separate class, and acquitted themselves in the order given. The fastest time of the day was recorded in favour of a 50 h.-p. four-cylinder Napier, which occupied just $4^{4}/_{5}$ sec. less than a 35 h.-p. Daimler; but the award was made according to a formula based on capacity, weight, and speed, when it was found that chief honours among the high-powered cars went to Mr. Cecil Edge's six-cylinder Napier, with Mr. Paul Brodtmann's 30-40 h.-p. Daimler second, and the Rev. F. A. Potts's 30 h.-p. Daimler third. In what may be termed the moderate class for engines under 350 cubic inches, some really remarkable times were accomplished, and, without exception, every car did well. The awards went to the 24 h.-p. Minerva, the 18 h.-p. Germain, and the 20 h.-p. Gladiator respectively; while among the small cars the 9 h.-p. Riley, the 12-16 h.-p. Talbot, and the 6 h.-p. De Dion were credited with highest marks. Mr. Henry Hollands and his Committee will do well to make the Hartfield Hill Climb an annual event.

Photo *Dixon*

The Last Open Hill Climb of the year

At the Crystal Palace Club's competition at Hartfield, near East Grinstead, Mr. Tom Thornycroft drove this 30 h.-p. car with marked distinction, in spite of the fact that his right leg was in splints

* * *

Small Cars for Country Work

As pointed out in THE BYSTANDER last week, there is little probability of material reduction in the price of cars so long as manufacturers are saddled with the heavy expenses incident to public competitions from which no pecuniary return can be derived. There are many hundreds of people in the country to whom a conveyance of some kind is a *sine quâ non*, and unquestionably a large proportion of these folks would take to the automobile were the initial outlay less, and the cost of maintenance more easily ascertained prior to purchase. A clerical correspondent, who has recently been appointed to a country living in Cambridgeshire, writes: "I am three miles and a half from a station, and a mile and a half from my outlying hamlets, and I find I must get a vehicle of some sort, but money is a consideration, and I want to know if I can get a really reliable motor-car second-hand?" My correspondent adds that his gardener could assist to clean the car, and that he thinks the cost of running would not be excessive. With a two-cylinder car of, say, 10 h.-p., to seat four people, actual running cost should not exceed one penny a mile, even with petrol at eighteenpence a gallon. It is, of course, always risky to buy a car second-hand unless one has expert knowledge, but occasionally some really good bargains are to be picked up at auction sales. At Friswell's, only a few weeks ago, I saw a twelve-horse, four-seated car, in excellent condition, knocked down for £75. The car had been driven from Portsmouth the preceding day, and although, naturally, not so spick-and-span as one of the vehicles entered for the late Town Carriage Trials, was yet quite presentable. Granted that such an incident was exceptional, there are many instances where phenomenal value can be obtained if only one

STAND No. 130
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& CO., Ltd.

SPECIALITIES:

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All British Make.

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Especial Design. Finest Workmanship.

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New Design. Lightness with Durability.

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Designed and Fitted to any MAKE of CHASSIS.

127, LONG ACRE, W.C.,
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The Car that will climb any hill.

As a Hill-Climber

GLADIATOR

STILL
maintains its reputation.

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CLASS "E" EVENT.
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Black Handle - - - - - - - -	5/6	Kropp Duplex Strop - - - - - -	7/6
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Pair, Ivory Handles, in Russia Leather Case	21/-	Kropp Badger Hair Shaving Brush, 5/6, 7/6 & 10/6	

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LONDON, W.

knows the time and place. I have recommended my correspondent to write to 1, Albany Street, N.W., for catalogue of the next unreserved sale at Friswell's, and, having selected the car he thinks would suit him, to make an offer for it in advance.

* * *

Tyre Pressure

One often hears complaints from inexperienced motorists that certain classes of tyre are particularly liable to bursts, and are remarkably prone to puncture. There are, of course, very good tyres, and tyres not so reliable, but the life of any tyre depends very largely upon an intelligent appreciation of the fact that over-zeal in pumping up is as harmful as jamming on brakes when at top speed, and rubbing the tread to tatters at every corner. Comparatively few automobilists know the proper degree of pressure for different sized tubes, and for the benefit of readers of THE BYSTANDER I am pleased to give the following figures, compiled by Mr. Paul Brodtmann, of the Continental Company. In a leaflet, just issued, he says: "Ask your driver to show you how many pounds pressure you have in your tyres. If they do not have 60lb. for 3in., 70lb. for 3½in., 80lb. for 4in., and 90lb. for 4½in. and 5in., you should not expect good service. Don't blame the tyre-maker. He cannot watch your driver." This is good advice, and I shall take occasion at an early date to give the proper pressures for other makes, as each must be gauged on a separate basis.

Miscellanea

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt has announced that the last race for his Cup has been run.—In THE BYSTANDER of October 17, two cars racing at Blackpool were erroneously described as Darracqs, whereas one was the 30 h.-p. Thornycroft, driven by Mr. Tom Thornycroft, who ran Mr. Warwick Wright a very close race.—F.I.A.T. Motors Annual Dinner will be at the Alexandra Rooms, Trocadero, on Friday, November 9, Captain Orr-Ewing in the chair.—The Daimler dinner is fixed for November 13 at Princes', and on the 14th—Emancipation Day—the Motor Union will entertain at the Wharncliffe Rooms, Hotel Great Central.—Police-traps are in daily operation at Sturry and Bridge, near Canterbury, at the foot of Ridge Hill between Barnet and St. Albans, and on the Fairmile on the Ripley Road.—The Motor Union is preparing a scheme of co-operative car insurance for members; particulars from Mr. Rees Jeffreys, 1, Albemarle Street, W.—At Blackpool, twenty-two firsts and two seconds in twenty-eight events were won on Pratt's motor spirit.—THE BYSTANDER will issue a special motor supplement dealing with the Exhibition at Olympia next month. His Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales are patrons of the Exhibition.—A strip of cork nailed to the floor behind clutch and brake pedals makes greatly for comfort in wet weather.—The Divisional Court in the King's Bench has decided that the registered owner of a motor-car, if on board at the time an offence is committed, is liable for all penalties, whether these are incurred when the owner is actually driving or not.

Photo *Archer*

Touring in comfort

The Hon. Charles Weld Forrester and Mrs. Forrester have utilised this 20-25 h.-p. Brotherhood car when touring at home and abroad. They have travelled some 12,000 miles without mishap

HAMPTONS'
Easy Chairs

Are refined in design, made only from selected material, and of best workmanship throughout.

Hamptons' "WOLSEY" EASY CHAIR, upholstered in Velvet and Dull Gold Braid - **£6 18 6**

Hamptons' Illustrated Catalogue, S 151, showing latest designs in Upholstered Furniture may now be had post free.

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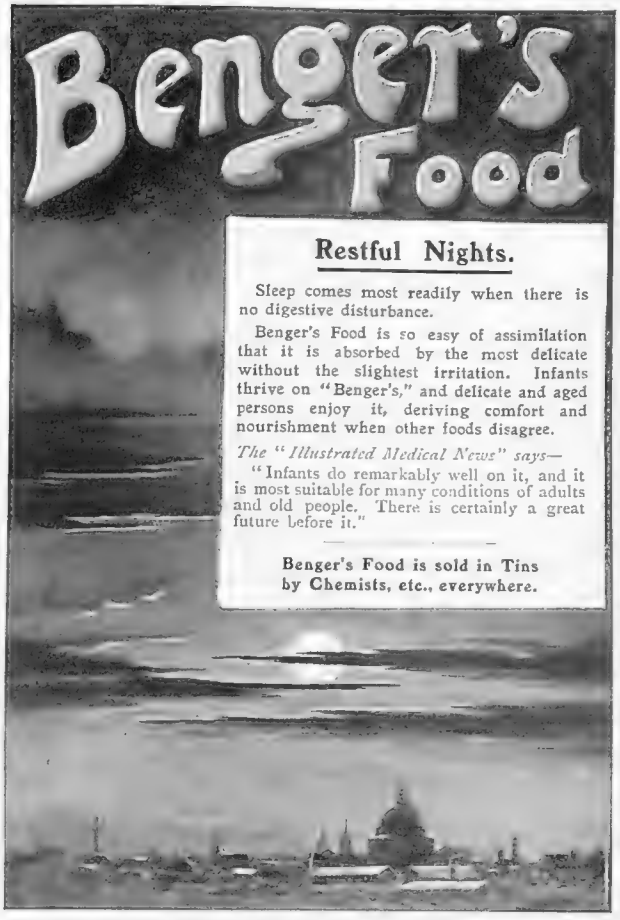

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FROCKS ◇ FRILLS ◇ AND FURBELOWS ◇

By Mrs JACK MAY

There are many things one would preferably not be nowadays, given an opportunity to make selection. And of the professions to be avoided at the moment, that of the *modiste*, I am persuaded, is the one most seriously hampered, chiefly because every woman imagines she is largely and specially blessed with an artistic sense in this direction, and consequently falls into the heinous mistake of dressing the body she supposes she possesses rather than her actual corporal possession. It is this mind expression that is practically at the root of all the bad dressing at present prevailing, and it may be traced upwards, from the lowest social status of the coster girl, with her shabby velvet frock, ill-fitting ulster, ratty boa, and feather-bedecked hat, to the smart Society woman, who, well on in the seventies, endeavours to dress up to a mind posing as seventeen.

A coat suitable for carriage or walking wear

In plum-colour cloth, with caracule revers and a collar of ermine

(Sketched at Nicoll's, Regent Street, by K. Pleydel Young)

The Chinois Corsage

It is these minds that are the worry—they are continually getting in the way—and I have grave fears are much disposed to stem the progress of an outline that is as wholly fresh as it is pleasing. I refer to the wide cape-sleeve, cut in one with the corsage, a vogue very obviously devised from the Chinois coat, to which, however, there is added much subtlety of fit and general formation. Only the most skilled hands are capable of rendering this fancy the modistic homage due to it, the line is so fine between shapeliness and vagueness.

For velvet frocks, it is simply ideal. A fig-mauve velvet visiting toilette, primarily destined to be worn at a large wedding, rested its whole success on the new bold outline, the scheme of colour merely broken by a silver tissue vest and under-sleeves. A simply perfect model was carried out in vintage-red *souple* cloth, the skirt long and flowing at the feet, and quite unrelieved, allied to one of these cunning little kimono bodices that opened on a vest of cream net, stitched with Oriental embroidery, the cape-sleeves supplemented by full unders of deeply tucked vintage-red chiffon.

Chiffon Sleeves and Silver Lace

When in doubt, these two details can always safely be played. They invariably prove trumps. Silver lace has the promise of becoming ubiquitous, and so admirably is it toned to meet latter-day decrees, it never, under any circumstances, strikes a garish note. That silver tissue, also, mentioned above, is a most worthy novelty, though a better title, perhaps, would be silver net. It is so fine of quality, and so tempered in tint, under no conditions could it be objected to,

Beauty is Skin Deep: OATINE makes your Skin BEAUTIFUL.

It is impossible to remove the dust and dirt that has settled in the pores of the skin with soap and water. That is why men as well as ladies should use "Oatine."

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It cleans and clears the skin, and by removing the dust **IN** the pores that soap and water cannot reach, keeps the skin healthy. It soothes sore skin and for that reason alone should be used by **ALL** men after shaving. It brings beauty to the plainest face, for it does not (like soap) rob the skin of its elasticity and natural oil. It will not grow hair.

What "OATINE" IS

"Oatine" is free from all animal fat and chemical salts. You run no danger of disease or poison when you use it. It is made from the essence of pure skin healing oats—and you know how good Oats are for the skin. It can be obtained, price 1/3 a jar, or larger size, to hold four times as much, 2/6, at all first-class Chemists, or Boots' Branches.

Oatine FACE CREAM

OUR OFFER. Send us to-day either 3*d.* in stamps or the lid of a 2/6 Jar of Oatine and we will send you, free of cost, samples of all the Oatine Preparations, including **Oatine Balm**—a soothing lotion that will purify the skin; **Oatine Face Powder**—non-poisonous, non-irritant; **Oatine Talcum Powder; Oatine Tooth Powder; Oatine Soap;** and "**Kylets,**" a real dyspepsia cure. With these preparations we will send you a copy of our book, "**Beauty Hints.**"

THE OATINE CO., 166, Denman St., London, S.E.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

NEW MODEL.

LADIES' TAILOR-MADE SHIRTS to Measure.

Perfect Fitting. Made in our **CENTLEMEN'S SHIRT DEPARTMENT.**

WRITE FOR PATTERNS Of New Materials AND Self-Measurement Form.

"QUEEN'S WEAR." A high-class Twill Cashmere Flannel, in neat stripes and plain colours ***15/6***

"SILKLAINE" is a fine Wool with Silk Stripe Designs. This high-class Fabric makes an exceedingly smart, warm, and comfortable Shirt—for Motoring, Golfing, Travelling, and general use .. ***14/6***

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TATTERSALL CHECKS Finest Saxony Flannel ***15/6***
AND NEAT STRIPES.

CHIFFON CORD VELVETEENS and Plain Velveteens .. from ***19/6***

These Shirts are made with ordinary Collar Bands unless otherwise ordered.

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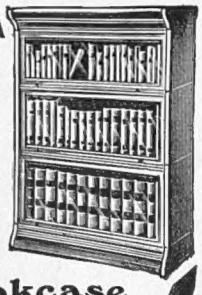

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Write for our New Catalogue, No. 46, which describes and illustrates the "Gunn."

WM. ANGUS & Co., Ltd., 44, Paul St., Finsbury, London, E.C.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE

RED WHITE & BLUE

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

In making use less quantity it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

while any more fitting alliance for velvet there is not to be found.

Scotts, Ltd., Old Bond Street

Perhaps, there is no place where the brain-cracking process of buying a hat is brought to such a minimum as Scotts. There are certain *habituées*, indeed, who do not even go to the trouble of trying a fresh venture on; they are so completely assured it will be right and precisely what they desire. Naturally, of course, this has a good deal to do with the prescribed lines on which these particular milliners walk. Their leading rôle is the hard little hat, together with riding and sporting headgear generally. And what they do not know on this subject is very surely not worth troubling over. For instance, they are building, with that peculiar nicety of precision characteristic of them, the correct season's bowler shape, the crown just a medium height, and the brim slightly curled, while their latest sports' hat is also a species of bowler, but with an appreciably higher crown, entirely composed of stitched tweed. An exceptionally smart and becoming model this, certain of securing a long run of favour, aided, as it mostly is, by Scotts' peculiarly individual feather and quill mounts.

Two hats to be seen at Scotts, Old Bond Street

(*Drawn by K. Pleydel Young*)

Meanwhile, I have somewhat lost the thread of my discourse, which has to do directly with the two models pictured. These, as will be readily gathered, are of the dressy rather than the sporting type, although either would prove suitable wear with a tailor-made costume.

There is an enchanting air and dash about the topmost suggestion, an affair most successfully carried out in pale grey felt, trimmed with a scarlet ribbon velvet ruche, and masses of speckled-grey and brown plumage; a second mount of which is placed beneath the brim at the back, where it mingles with a *cache-peigne* of grey tulle. The *arrière* aspect is particularly excellent.

Of the pleasing originality of the black panne toque the picture speaks eloquently enough. The idea of that high box-pleated ruche is most original, a light drapery of tulle dividing the centre, and a black and a white ostrich plume coiling coquettishly on to the hair at the back. As our artist indicates, a large amount of the *cachet* is obtained by a forward poise on the head.

Nicoll, 114, Regent Street

Success, it has been averred, is never enjoyed. For the simple reason, that those who acquire it are always too busy to analyse the sensation; and a sensation that is not analysed ceases to be a sensation, does it not? And this, of a truth, must be very much the case with the great house of Nicoll, for no matter the time of year or time of day, there is a never-ceasing buzz of business there. From far and near they come, the anxious seekers, after all that is best in the sartorial world, and the majority stay to place order after order, and return year after year to this source of large promise and faithful performance.

Not to possess a wrap coat of some one sort or another, built by Mr. Nicoll, is to be accounted outside the pale. This is a subject they have made most securely their own, and are, moreover, wisely pursuing a policy that includes a really useful knock-about in rough Nicoll cloth—a species of Duffle cloth—at two and a half guineas, together with the most regal fur-lined wraps. A beaver brown diagonal cloth is very distinctly fascinating, lined through with sable squirrel, and finished with a handsome collar of beaver. But Messrs. Nicoll, perceiving a big demand for such fur-lined fancies, have laid in a stock that is exceptional in every way.

A marked good taste, too, distinguishes their more *habillée* models, such as that one depicted, representing a coat suitable for carriage or walking wear, of plum-coloured cloth, faced back with revers of caracule, and completed by a cravat of ermine. The amazing amount of style worked into this model by the very simplest methods is very characteristic of Nicoll, who, by the same token, are the producers of a perfectly built tailor-made shirt, the success whereof is proclaimed by the fact that a special staff has been told off to keep pace with the orders that flow in. A very short space of time suffices to advance the worth of a genuinely good article. So here is wishing Messrs. Nicoll's time to enjoy a success that is time-honoured and thoroughly well earned.

One of the "sights" of Oxford Street just now is the attraction to crowds of people at the drapery premises of Messrs. Lloyd and Company, who rejoice in great premises in Oxford Street, extending round Orchard Street and Tapnell Yard. They have absorbed Messrs. Terry and Greenslade's business, and are consequently selling off their stock with the firm's own new season's goods at wonderful prices. The sale is to be continued during the coming week, and the bargains in all departments of drapery are simply amazing. Those who do not like crowds are sending to the Post Order Department.

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